The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers. No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1870. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2531.

DUSK.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Ashen-gray clouds hover over the meadows,
Where the small streams glimmer, frozen and white;
Up the brown slopes clamber numberless shadows,
Waving their arms in the fast-failing light.
Little snow-patches lie hidden in hollows,
Great lonesome trees stand like sentries around;
Each shade of dimness a darker one follows,
Softly on forest and field coming down.

Hushed lies the earth as an infant in slumber;
Scarcely a breath stirs the loose lattice vine;
Spectre like rises the church steeple yonder—
Floats from the village the vesper bell's chime;
People, like ghosts, glide about in the gloaming—
Never a footfall greets listening ears;
Closely around us pale visions are thronging,
Making their way through the long vanished years.

Back to your graves, oh, ye unquiet sleepers—
Give this small hour unto resting and peace;
Earth is an harvest field—angels are reapers;
Sooner or later shall souls know release.
Gently, oh, Lethe, hide faces so sorrowful,
Tenderly bear them away from our sight—
Bright glow the stars in the darkly blue coronal
Binding the brow of the beautiful night.

Michigan. MIRIAM EARLE.

DERVISHES AT BOKHARA.

Bokhara is the present capital of Turkestan in Central Asia. In the bazaars may be seen a strange mixture of races, dresses, and customs. Persians, Tartars, Hindus, Jews, and Afghans are here represented.

M. Vambery, having strolled about the dusty and busy streets of this city for three hours, begged his guide to lead him to a place of refreshment, where he might enjoy a little repose. The guide thereupon took him to a beautiful park, in which were some fine elm trees. In the shade of these trees were tea-booths, and great tea-kettles, looking like immense casks of beer. Bread, fruit, confectionery, and meats were also exposed for sale on stands shaded by cane mats. As M. Vambery entered the park, there were passing by, in their weekly procession, a number of dervishes or Mohammedan monks. "Never," says he, "shall I forget that scene, when these fellows, with their wild enthusiasm, and their high conical caps, fluttering hair, and long staves, danced round like men possessed, shouting out, at the same time, a hymn, each part of which was first sung for them by their gray-bearded chief." The citizens of Bokhara are bigoted followers of their prophet, and put to death any European who goes there who is not a Mohammedan.

THE DEAD MAN'S BELL.

"My child crying again," said Tom Morley, five minutes after I had been in his house, parabolically referring to the surgery bell.

"Worse than any child," said I. "I never heard such a bell; it doesn't ring, it tolls." It did. It might have been a knell, such was its solemn, deep-toned clangor. "Why on earth don't you change it for something more professional? It's enough to frighten your patients into fits."

"I'll tell you when I come back," he replied; and Tom Morley went to the surgery to see what was wanted.

I had taken Crankford on my way in a journey to Exeter, because I knew Tom Morley, who had recently come into some considerable property in that little town where he was practising as a surgeon, and because there were some queer circumstances connected with his settlement in Crankford, of which I wished to learn the particulars; and he was such a bad correspondent, it was no good writing to him. His house was a very old-fashioned one. It stood askew in a crooked street of a crooked town, and every room seemed arranged cornerwise, and to consist of beams, and angles, and recesses. I firmly believe Crankford to be the identical locality celebrated in nursery rhyme:—

"There was a crooked man,
And he went a crooked mile,
And he found a crooked sixpence
Against a crooked stile.
He bought a crooked cat,
Which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together
In a little crooked house."

At least, with the single exception of the crooked mouse, I saw all the other crookednesses at Crankford during my stay there.

"Well," said Tom Morley, returning to the room after having seen his patients, "now, about the bell. Why don't I change it for a more musical one? Because I owe nearly all I have to that bell. Come and look at it."

I followed him up-stairs, and along a winding dark passage on the first floor, till we came to it, a large and heavy iron bell covered with cobwebs, remarkable for nothing to my mind but its size and its hideous noisiness. Tom set it swinging till it produced a deafening peal that made my head ache.

"There," said he, with evident relish for the horrid noise, "as long as I have a surgery, I hope that will always be my surgery bell. It has been the unconscious instrument of punishing crime, of avenging the dead, and of causing justice to be done to the living."

We came down-stairs again, and when comfortably seated by the fireside, Tom Morley told me the story.

You must know that this poky little house, and that big gabled barn next to it on the right-hand side, which is sufficiently assuming to be dignified with the title of "edifice," once upon a time formed one house—one great crooked bit of unsightliness that might have been built during an earthquake by a Manx architect; it could not have been crookeder. The then owner of the place used to live in the large house, whilst his butler and the butler's wife (the owner's housekeeper) inhabited the smaller one in which we are now sitting. At that time the great house was a fine place in its way, well furnished, and well kept up; but when (through circumstances I need not mention) the property came into my father's possession near twenty years ago he made two houses of it, lived in the big one himself, and let the little one.

My father, Isaac Morley, was called a bad landlord; he seldom had a tenant stay in the smaller house long; in fact, he allowed it to go almost to wreck and ruin for want of the necessary external repairs; but then he suffered the large house, which he inhabited himself, to fall into a similar state of decay. It was not that he was a poor man, but because he had a morbid dislike to part with his money. Some people called my father a miser. If hoarding money in his own house and gloating over it with some amount of satisfaction make a person a miser, people were justified in calling him one. But he was not a miser in the ordinary sense of the term. His hoarding at home had grown out of a misfortune which nearly ruined him in early life: a local bank in which much of his money was deposited had failed; and from that time he said (foolishly, no doubt) he would never trust another. As to his gloating over his money, that is little after all, because it is just as miserly to gloat over a balance in a banker's book as over a heap of gold and notes in a cash-box. But my father differed from the miser genus more especially in this particular; he never pinched or stinted *himself* for the sake of his cash-box. I do not say this difference was much in his favor, but he was my father, and though he was a strange man in many things, I should be sorry to say the contrary.

He married late in life; my mother lived only two years with him, and died in giving me birth. My father took a strange and unreasonable dislike to me, as being in some sense the cause of my mother's death. It worried him to think about his loss when he saw me, and as the sight of me reminded him of that, I was sent away to be brought up with my mother's sister's children. The quarterly payments my father remitted for my board and education were a substantial help to my aunt. I had a comfortable home, and though I saw little of my father, we were never on unfriendly terms. In due time he consulted my wishes about my future life, apprenticed me to a surgeon, and paid the necessary expenses for my studies.

Folks in Crankford were divided in opinion as to whether Isaac Morley really *was* rich and miserly, or only poor and economical. He was so quiet and reserved in his habits, whilst it was known he *had* suffered losses in his time, that there was no getting at the actual truth then. I know no more than they did, and my relations with my father prevented my ascertaining, so that whatever was said about the matter was for many years no more than surmise. As to the deaf old housekeeper who lived in the house, she was always crossly discreet, and had such a vicious temper besides, that it was useless for any of the neighbors to try and confirm their suspicions from her.

Well, after my father had grizzled nearly a twelve-month over the little house being shut up, and began to fear he must put it into repair before he could let it any more, a tenant suddenly turned up in the person of Dr. John Gryant. He was a suave, flabby man, nearly forty; short, and rather stout, with a fat, colorless, dough-like face. It was rumored that he had very powerful, if not very creditable, reasons for relinquishing a practice somewhere in Essex. We never knew if that was true—it was merely gossip, and Crankford is a great place for that—but Dr. Gryant paid down half a year's rent in advance, took the place from Michaelmas, and wanted nothing done. Isaac Morley took his money and asked no questions.

A great man for doctors was my father. He was scarcely ever really ill, but as he grew old and began to feel the natural infirmities of age creeping on, he was never content unless he could be squirting all manner of things into his ears and his eyes to make him hear better, and improve his sight. He had his dinner pills regularly, whether he had any dinner or no. He denied himself wine and spirits, but drank steel, and quinine, and bark, and all manner of tonic medicines to excess. He was a certain income to any doctor who would put up with his whims and fall into his ways, but as fond of changing his physician as the habitual toper is of changing his publican. What is more, though "near" in most things, he never objected to a doctor's bill.

As soon as Doctor Gryant was installed next door, my father paid off his last medical man, Doctor Ross, who lived at Spedminton (a neighboring village), and gave himself up to the advice of his new tenant. It was always a great day and one to be remembered by my father when he commenced with a new doctor. There were all his ailments to be gone over—his eye-symptoms, his ear-symptoms, his indigestion, his nervous debility, his liver, &c.—so that, as he said, "his constitution might be properly understood" by his adviser.

Doctor Gryant ticked off every item in the long catalogue very solemnly with a nod of his fat white chin in his short collar, and though he knew those to be purely imaginary complaints, he said "Ah!" and "Dear me!" and "Very true!" and promised to send corrective medicines for each. One symptom, however, was that of a real disorder, and demanded more careful attention. My father complained, in addition, of certain nervous twitchings in his limbs. Doctor Ross, who had become accustomed to the fancies of his patient, had taken little notice of this, but Doctor Gryant laid more stress on the symptom, and mentally determined to exhibit minute doses of strychnine.

"I get very nervous about these twitchings," said my father, "and my health being altogether in a precarious state, I am glad to have a doctor living handy. If I should happen to want you either by day or night I have only to pull your bell. Don't be surprised if I should not wait for you to answer the door; the weather is so chilly, and I am so susceptible of cold, that I can't stand draughts. I shall ring your bell if I want you, and come indoors again, where you will find me. You can never mistake my ring; I know the bell better than you do. Oblige me by going to your surgery now, and listening."

Doctor Gryant did so, and in a few minutes he heard this identical bell ring, not as it usually does, in a peal, but in slow, measured beats—"One, two, three, four," and so on. It rang in this manner for nearly a minute, then stopped.

The unusual sound of the bell struck painfully on Doctor Gryant's ear. For an instant he was conscious of a creeping sensation, a warning of evil, as though some one were walking over his grave; but, shaking it off, he laughed at himself, and saying, "It's only a whimsical old fool ringing the bell his own way," went to the door. Old Isaac Morley had *not* waited in the cold, but had left the front door of his house open for the doctor to enter, who found his patient quietly seated at the dining-room fire awaiting his return.

"You see," said my father, "my dining-room being on the ground floor, I may just as well wait here for you by the fire as on your door-step."

"Quite so," assented the doctor.

"And you are not likely to mistake my ring for a stranger's?"

"Certainly not. But that is a very queer bell, Mr. Morley. Do you know it has not a pleasant sound when rung as you rang it?"

It has a *distinctive* sound, Doctor Grant; that is all I want. Whenever you hear the bell ring in that way, remember it is I—and I want you. Whether night or day, will you kindly remember this? And if I should not be at the door you will find me in the dining-room."

The doctor said he would, and on returning to his own house made several experiments with the bell-handle to repeat the effect produced by my father, but with very poor success.

"Well," he thought to himself, "there is no doubt I *shall* know the old fellow's ring."

My father was certainly a great plague for any doctor to live next door to. Doctors were his weakness; and to get a doctor living so near—a tenant, too, with forty pounds a year rent to credit against a score for physic—was a sore temptation.

Nearly always once a day Doctor Gryant would be certain to hear that harsh, grating summons on the most trivial errand, until he got so accustomed to the bell that it ceased to affect him in any other way than business—viz.: "Morley, visit, three-and-sixpence," except when he happened to think about the sound, and then it certainly *did* flit across his mind that he wished old Isaac would ring like other patients.

Doctor Gryant's practice was not large. In a small country town especially, most people are chary of changing an old doctor whom they know for a new one they do not, and with some disagreeable rumors attached to his name. His brother practitioners fought rather shy of him, whilst members of a kindred profession were unpleasantly familiar. He was continually getting lawyers' letters about outstanding debts contracted in another part of the country. He stayed these off as best he could, paying instalments where he was most worried, but living a precarious and unsettled life in Crankford, continually threatened with process, whilst it was said, with what truth I do not know, that he did not dare face the Court of Bankruptcy for fear of revelations which might prove still more injurious to what little reputation he had.

Fix, if you please, in your mind these two bits of Crankford gossip—that Doctor Gryant was in want of money, pressed for it on all sides, and that he was a constant, and the only constant, visitor at Isaac Morley's—a man supposed by many people (with far worse opportunities of judging) to be very wealthy and miserly—and you will be prepared for part of what follows.

Late one evening in the following March, Doctor Gryant was sitting alone in his study. With his head on his hands, he was gazing into the fire as earnestly as if the shapes in the burning coals could show him in a picture some way of escape from his difficulties. Letters lay on the table containing peremptory demands for money. While he was thinking and worrying how to meet these demands he heard my father's summons. It was just after eleven o'clock at night, and the measured beat of the iron bell, like a ghostly clock slowly striking the hour, jarred on him—it was so harsh. It was some minutes before he answered it—he had papers to put away, and his desk and drawers to lock. Then he took his hat and went to the door. No one was there; but he saw, as usual, that his patient had left his own front door ajar for him to enter. The *dining-room door* was, however, closed. Doctor Gryant opened it.

Isaac Morley had fallen down prostrate on the floor, struck with paralysis. Doctor Gryant saw immediately that he still breathed, and judged that my father must have had just warning enough of the impending stroke to enable him to go out and ring for his doctor, and then regain the dining-room before the seizure took place. The stroke must, however, have been very sudden. My father had been counting his money, which he had evidently attempted to replace in the heavy cashbox, which lay open on the table, before help should arrive, for the notes were crumpled up and thrust in hastily in a heap; some had fluttered to the floor, where Isaac Morley lay, with gold still in his hand, and gold lying about him.

Doctor Gryant hesitated between the cashbox and the patient. A few moments could make little difference, after all, to a man in my father's condition. He looked in the cashbox—saw there a packet of thirteen notes, each for a thousand pounds—many for smaller sums, and numerous rolls in which sovereigns were done up in rouleaux of fifty. He looked at the paralytic, then at the gold, then quickly from one to the other. One was little to him—little, perhaps, to anybody, he thought; the other, the purchase of freedom from annoyance, luxury—at least, tranquillity. Then he placed the packet of notes and four of the rouleaux of sovereigns in his own pocket, still glancing at the sick man. But there was no sign of consciousness, only a heavy stertorious breathing. Lower down in the cashbox was a will—a mere sheet of note-paper, but duly signed and attested, and it ran thus:—

"I, Isaac Morley, of sound mind and body, do give and bequeath all my real and personal estate of which I may die possessed to my son Thomas Morley, whom I hereby appoint sole executor to this my last will and testament."

A more blundering thief would have taken the whole and destroyed the will. Doctor Gryant contented himself with the packet of notes and four rolls of gold. He left all the rest in the disorder in which he found it, and relying on the fact that Isaac Morley's wealth was not known even to his own son, he then turned to his patient.

Only one circumstance was ever likely to discover the theft. That was, should Isaac Morley recover. There was no danger of this, as it happened, for in three minutes my father had breathed his last, probably without pain or consciousness.

Doctor Gryant, frightened at what he had done, rang the dining-room bell violently for the housekeeper. Its very sound was better to him than the silence, but the old woman was so deaf and slept so heavily she did not hear, so the echoes died away, and there was silence once more, with the dead man still clutching the gold, and the doctor longing to see a live man or woman again. Doctor Gryant was not usually nervous with the dead, but he feared my father as if the dead man could get up and strangle his money away from him. At last he could bear it no longer. He ran from the room, up the stairs, and hammered at the housekeeper's door: "For God's sake come down, for Mr. Morley is dying!" At last he made her understand something serious was the matter. But he waited for her—Doctor Gryant did. He had seen death *from all points of view but one*, and never quailed, but he feared to re-enter that dining-room alone.

The housekeeper hurriedly threw on a few articles of clothing, and followed him. The doctor let her go in first. Never heeding the gold, she went straight to the dead.

"Oh, my Goramighty's truth!" cried the old soul. "Go and get a cordial or something, do, and don't stand staring there, or he'll be gone!"

Doctor Gryant was glad of any excuse to get out of the house with the money. He went to his surgery, deposited the money there, and quickly returned with stimulants. Of course they were useless. He told the old lady her master was gone, and past surgical aid. Then he related how he had been summoned as usual, and had found Mr. Morley smitten with paralysis in the very article of death as he entered the room. The old woman paid little heed to what he said—her whole mind was taken up just then with simple and sincere grief at the loss of her master, whilst she rather re-

sented what little the doctor said as exemplifying to her belief the ignorance of "book-learned people" about anything practical. She believed *she* could have saved him if she had only seen him "when he was first took"—that was about all the housekeeper had to say.

Doctor Gryant then did perhaps the wisest thing he could have done. Pointing out the notes and gold and the open cash-box to the old woman, he said he would go and fetch Mr. Naresby, the lawyer, who lived in the same street, that the property might be duly restored to the box and sealed up by an independent person, pending inquiry. The housekeeper seemed nettled at this, and wanted to know whether he thought "*she* would steal from the dead who never robbed the living?" He explained that it was simply ordinary precaution, as much for the sake of his own character as hers, and with that went for Mr. Naresby.

The lawyer was rather surprised than otherwise at the amount of my father's property. He was one of those who never believed Isaac Morley to have been a man with more than a bare competency to live upon, so that when he found five or six thousand pounds in gold and notes in the cash-box, together with the will, he had no suspicion whatever that money had been abstracted therefrom. He counted the money in Doctor Gryant's presence, noted the amount on a slip of paper, of which he gave the doctor a copy, and then sealed up the box and took charge of it.

An inquest was held upon the body the following day, but adjourned in order that a post-mortem examination might be made. Doctor Gryant was requested to undertake the duty, but he himself requested, since he was alone with the deceased at the time of death, that Doctor Ross might be allowed to assist in the examination. At the adjourned inquest Doctor Gryant stated that he had for some months past been treating the deceased for incipient paralysis, whilst Doctor Ross deposed (I spare you technicalities) that there was no doubt of Mr. Morley's having suffered from that disorder—that a considerable part of the brain and the whole of the right side of the body were found to be affected, and that though a somewhat uncommon occurrence for a person to die from the first stroke of this disease, it was by no means an unheard-of event—that in the opinion of himself and his brother practitioner the deceased had evidently come to his death by a stroke of paralysis, of which abundant evidence was noticeable. A verdict was therefore recorded in accordance with the medical testimony—"Died by the visitation of God."

Doctor Gryant's theft appeared in all human probability likely to escape detection. It is certain that not a soul suspected him of it at the time of the inquest. The amount of money found in the cash-box was just sufficient to satisfy everybody's curiosity without suggesting suspicion.

II.

I came down to my father's funeral, and when that was over, Mr. Naresby, who had constituted himself my solicitor, read the will, and I came into my property. I certainly never expected so large a sum from my father, and had not the vaguest suspicion of anything or anybody.

I have a parrot: a queer bird. His name is Bob; I believe he knows it, yet he obstinately persists in calling himself Pretty Polly. I brought "Bob" down with me in his cage and my dog Dash too for company in the lonely house.

That bird is so jealous, you would scarcely believe. If I notice "Dash," and pat him and say, "Poor Dash!" my brute of a bird will get upon its perch, plume himself, and then, with his head perked on one side, will look down on the dog and cry in a prolonged squall of mocking irony, "Poo-o-oor Dash!"

In a strange place he is very quiet for a day or two whilst "taking notice," and then he brings out what he he has heard, for he is quick at catching conversation. For the first two days he was put out in the kitchen to sleep, but he was unhappy there, having been used to sleep in the dining-room. He picked up something in the kitchen, though, which I may as well tell you. "Bob," among his other accomplishments (and he was a very wise bird), used to imitate distant voices with surprising effect. Down in the long garden adjoining ours, Doctor Gryant's voice would often be heard calling to his boy who did the gardening and errands besides. *What* he said it was difficult to distinguish owing to the distance, but the semblance of the voice was accurately rendered by the parrot, thus:—"And, *John*, gabble, gabble, gabble, gabble. And, *John*, gabble, gabble. And, *John*, gabble, gabble, gabble. *Yessir.*" The second day after the funeral this bird was in the kitchen, and heard Doctor Gryant shouting to his lad about a water-rat that the boy was hunting. The parrot remembered it in the evening, and when the lamp was lit, began to call with a shrill screech, "You've killed him, John? *Yessir.*" A singular bird "Bob" is. See him at supper-time, when I let him out of his cage. He comes and perches on my shoulder, waiting till the spirit decanters are brought out. He then helps himself to a large knob of sugar from the sugar-basin, and walks in a stately way to the brandy-bottle. There he flings down his sugar, and remains calling in a most insinuating manner, "Pretty Polly," until some one dips the sugar in neat brandy. With his grog in his left claw "Bob" returns to my shoulder, and sits there imbibing it until he first shuts one eye in extreme satisfaction from time to time as the spirituous juice gets up in his head, and at last, with both eyes winking, he becomes ready for bed.

He had gone thus far through his evening performance on the third night after the funeral, when, as I had determined not to send him out in the kitchen to sleep, I looked for some convenient nail on which to hang his cage in the dining-room. The only thing I could find was a brass knob against a cupboard, about six feet from the ground. Bob did not like the situation, since, the knob being nearly flush with the wall, his cage was canted on one side; but I left him there for want of a better place, and went to bed about eleven o'clock.

Doctor Gryant had already gone to bed. I now know the fearfully anxious time the last ten days had been to him. The very absence of suspicion hitherto had only lasted long enough to excite each night a dread lest the coming day should reveal the whole truth vivid and plain to all. Judge, then, what Doctor Gryant felt, when that night he heard *my father's summons again*, my father being dead and under ground! "One—two—three—four" the bell tolled out, harsher and more horrid than he had yet heard it. "Pomb—pomb" it went on, never hurrying or staying its measured beat. "Toll, toll, toll," and the dreadful thing rang on as if it would never stop until he answered it. How could he help recollecting my father's words:—"Whenever you hear the bell ring in that way, *remember it is I*, and *I want you!*" He threw on his things and went down to the door, white and trembling, and his knees quaking under him. As he passed along the passage the bell stopped. He unbolted and unbarred the door, and looked out into the night. The moon shining on the pavement, and the wind blowing coolly on his damp forehead, houses asleep, streets deserted, not a soul abroad, nor light from door nor window, and Mr. Morley's front door *closed*. Nothing else. Awfuller to him than any vision from another world were the silence and the stillness and the sight of the quiet stars, when his very heart cried aloud in fear within him. Almost fainting he got back to bed, and tossed there till morning.

The next night it was the same, with this exception, that, frightened beyond endurance, and really longing for the sight of a fellow-creature, Doctor Gryant rapped at my door. Not being gone to bed I answered him myself. His face, always white, looked ashen and deadly in the moonlight.

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Morley, tell me—did you ring my surgery bell?"

"No," said I. "But what on earth possesses you? You look like death itself."

"I fancied I heard the bell ring, Mr. Morley, and that it rang like *he* rang it for me the night he died. I mean your father; but I am nervous to-night, and it may have been my fancy after all."

"Fancy," I repeated, "that is absurd. There could be no fancy about hearing such a bell as that. Either you did hear it or you did not, for it is a bell *that will wake the dead.*"

Inadvertently and lightly I spoke these words, but their effect on Doctor Gryant was terrible. I thought he would have fallen, and so asked him to come into the dining-room to take something.

He looked at me with a long vacant stare, and then, with a shudder of horror, stammered quickly beneath his breath, "No, I cannot," and staggered out into the street and shut himself up in his own house. The man's manner impressed me so much as that of a cowardly criminal who did not dare to face something he had done, that when I returned to the dining-room I began to suspect him of being one.

I was sitting in the same room, and near about the very spot, where my father died, ten days before at about that very hour. I give the coincidence for what it is worth, because in my opinion the surroundings had much to do with driving my mind irresistibly in one direction. Subjectively I believe myself to have been under the influence of my father's spirit through the operation of this coincidence of time and place, taken in connection with what had fallen from Doctor Gryant, but of any objective or visible supernatural presence I was unconscious. I was merely aware of a direct influence on my mind during the time I sat thinking over Doctor Gryant's singular and marked agitation. When, for instance, I reflected that this agitation might be the result of simple nervous disorder on his part, and my thoughts showed signs of wondering to the diagnosis and treatment of such aberrations, the influence would strongly impress on my mind the fact that Doctor Gryant had himself connected his terror about the bell with my father, while by his marked dread of entering the house he had shown reason for fear which he associated with this house. In spite of myself, whenever my thoughts took any direction favorable to Doctor Gryant, they were blocked by some startling suspicion or hint of motive which I had before overlooked. I *know* that I was thus influenced in some manner from outside of my own mind, until I became unwillingly forced to the conclusion that Doctor Gryant had done some great wrong against my father. Having reached this conclusion, the end seemed less unreasonable to me than the steps by which I arrived at it.

I must have unconsciously dropped off to sleep in my chair, for I awoke cold and chilly, the fire gone out, and my limbs numb and stiff. I knew that I had dreamed, and that the dream had been about my father and Doctor Gryant, but the particulars of the dream were gone from my memory. I yet had a distinct knowledge of having seen vivid things in my sleep. It was as though some light had flashed into my mind for an instant, lit up a picture there of something I very much wanted to know, and then suddenly and irrevocably died out. But I awoke, I remember, with the impression that I should see my father's body in the room, and that I *must* see it there. There was nothing unusual in the room. Still I could not get rid of the impression of the dream; and again, in spite of me, the influence of which I was the conscious but unwilling agent swerved round my mind till I felt I must see my father's body for myself.

I then went to bed, believing my thoughts would recur to what I judged a more healthy tone in the morning. I slept, dreamless till early twilight, and then by that singular property of the brain, unconscious cerebration, whereby the brain, of its own accord, will reproduce images which the will has been powerless to make it recall, I remembered distinctly every particular of the dream I had striven in vain to recollect over night. It was so vivid and clear that it impressed me as if I had witnessed my father's death in very deed.

I rose early, and went over to Spedminton, to consult with Doctor Ross. I told him little or nothing of my experiences, feeling he would disbelieve in them, but contented myself with minute inquiries as to the nature and extent of the post-mortem examination in which he had assisted. Doctor Ross entered at length into particulars, and repeated he was perfectly satisfied death had resulted from paralysis. I gathered from him, however, that Doctor Gryant had performed nearly the whole of the practical part of the post-mortem himself, and that beyond generally satisfying himself of the truth of what his brother practitioner demonstrated, Dr. Ross had made no thorough personal examination of the body.

Returning to Crankford, I called on Doctor Gryant. He had almost entirely recovered his self-possession with the daylight, but was still quiet and reserved. I found him employed at his surgery bell. He had taken out the bell-handle and bell-wire. I went upstairs with him to examine the bell itself, and found he had taken away crank, bell-wire, and all from that end, and there was, in fact, no wire of any kind now attached to the bell. The bell hung, as it does at present, in a corner, about two inches either way from the wall, and certainly he left nothing attached to it which could account for disturbing his peace any more.

That night I was away from home between ten o'clock and two the next morning. My business took me to the catacombs of Crankford Church. But it is a fact that, notwithstanding all communication had been cut off from the doctor's bell, *the bell still rang at eleven o'clock that night*, with the same monotonous steady "toll" as *before*. It rang for nearly a minute, and then ceased. I found, on my returning home, that Doctor Gryant had again rapped at my door, nearly beside himself. I did not wonder then, for I *knew why*.

The following day I remained at home. I had important business there, which led me to look myself in the dining-room for a great part of the day, and also to look the dining-room door when I had finished. In the afternoon, among some old letters in an escritoir, I found a piece of paper on which the contents of my father's cashbox were specified. Towards evening, I ascertained from the housekeeper the precise position in which the cashbox was found when my father died, and where the loose gold and notes lay on the floor. Doctor Ross spent that evening with me.

Eleven o'clock struck. I pulled a little cord by the fireplace. My father had been accustomed by this cord to unlatch the front door, without leaving his seat. I set the front door ajar. Then I laid my hand on the hook where the parrot's cage had hung every night till now, kept it there with a gentle pressure, and waited.

In a minute or two we heard Doctor Gryant's door unlocked. He came to ours, and finding it open, ran into the passage.

"This is some infernal trick, Mr. Morley, and I *will* know the rights of it. Did any one in this house ring my bell?" His lips were bloodless and quivering as he spoke, his words quick and frightened.

"You shall know," I said, shutting the door and locking it to prevent his retreat. "Some one in this house *did* ring your bell. Have you forgotten who said, 'Whenever you hear the bell ring in that way, it is I, and I want you?' Come in, Doctor Gryant; *you will find my father in the dining-room.*"

We forced him into the room, carried him almost, but he was helpless as a child, and would have fallen but for our support. There we set him face to face with his crime. Everything was arranged as it had been *that* night. The cash-box was there, and the loose, fluttered notes, and the gold on the floor and in the dead man's hand. And the dead man was lying there.

"Your post-mortem examination was superficial," I said, "Doctor Gryant; you omitted to notice a very important fact. The deceased was attacked by paralysis, it is true, but he died of murder, from a minute puncture with a surgeon's needle. I find that the needle was inserted in the open mouth of the patient, and the throat stabbed through to the spinal cord so dexterously that it scarcely bled even internally, and left no outward sign. And you, Doctor John Gryant, did this deed to cover your robbery of thirteen thousand two hundred pounds from his cash-box. This is what my father summoned you for—to hear this. And now, what have you to say to my father?"

The man's face was fearful—he gasped and struggled to get free, but in vain. His mouth was so parched he could scarce frame a word, but covering his face with his hands and seeking to hide it, he said—

"I—I—I," and stopped.

A horrid croaking voice in the room screeched, "You killed him, John. *Yessir.*" It was the parrot, which kept on repeating the same words and I could not stop it. I never heard in my life a sound so ghastly.

When he heard *that*, the murderer shrieked and leaped from us—mad! It was with great difficulty he was secured, and bound hand and foot, to prevent his injuring himself.

The coroner's commission was re-opened, and followed by a formal trial. Doctor Gryant was sentenced to be confined during Her Majesty's pleasure in a criminal lunatic asylum, where he soon died raving mad. With the aid of my father's memorandum I recovered most of the gold, and all the notes, of which I had the numbers. We found them in a drawer in Doctor Gryant's surgery.

Respecting the bell, as you will have guessed, it was put up originally by the former owner of the large house, to ring for his butler in the smaller house, as an unmistakable summons in case of serious alarm at night. The hook in the dining-room, and a similar one in the bed-room above, used to have cords attached to them to pull. The principle on which the bell was struck was very simple—merely a hammer, like a piano-forte hammer, which, except in the act of striking, was hidden at the back of the wainscot, and worked through a slit or mortice, which, being covered by cobwebs in a dark corner, was not very apparent to so hurried an observer as a guilty man. When either of the hooks was pulled it threw a heavy weight out of gear, allowing a smaller one to act on a pulley and work the bell-hammer until the weight ran down. When the hand was removed from the hook, the larger weight again pulled the smaller one up into its position ready for use. The parrot's cage, hung upon the hook nightly at bed-time, had been the simple means of ringing the bell which Doctor Gryant, in his guilty conscience, believed to have been tolled by a tenant of the grave.

☞ Nasby visited a suspender factory at Waterbury, Connecticut, and said to the proprietor on leaving: "What a misfortune it would be if pants should go out of fashion."

☞ Henry Ward Beecher says that almost every scrape into which he ever fell, has been in consequence of attempting to befriend some unpopular cause or some unfortunate man.

☞ The chief difference between a horse and a velocipede has been discovered to be the case with which the latter lies down.

☞ A Munchausen story comes from Germany. The Sisters of Charity in Hanover have charge of an institution where three or four hundred persons are taken care of; and in order to procure milk cheap, twenty cows are kept. For some time back the quantity obtained from them having been quite insignificant, a watch was set, and the thieves turned out to be rats, which, coming from the Sambre and the sewers, assembled in great numbers in the stables, and took their turn in sucking the teats of the cows!

☞ A WORD TO BACHELORS.—Dr. Stark, Register-General of Scotland, says:—

"Bachelorship is more destructive to life than the most unwholesome of trades, or than a residence in an unwholesome house or district, where there has never been the most distant attempt at sanitary improvement of any kind."

☞ An alarming state of destitution prevails among the lower classes of England, not less than a million being unemployed.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN'Y 29, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the club may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $3.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Reserve Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 10 subscribers and $30—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

UNDER A BAN.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

In our next issue we design commencing the above story, written expressly for THE POST by that charming and talented writer, Miss Amanda M. Douglas.

The beginning of this new story will be a capital time to begin new subscriptions to THE POST.

BACK NUMBERS.

We are so nearly out of the back numbers for October, November and December, that we find it necessary in the case of new clubs, to send only one set to each club. And the members of new clubs will oblige us by handing the back papers around, so that all can read them.

We have still a large supply of all the numbers for January, and can therefore date back subscriptions to the first of the year.

Those who prefer it, however, can begin their subscriptions with our next number, containing the opening of Miss Douglas's novelet.

☞ Mrs. M. J. S., of Marengo, Illinois, writes:—

"I wish that every family in the land took THE POST, for I know by experience it would be beneficial to them. I have taken it for 27 years, and could not do without it."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GOOD WORDS. For January. Edited by NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE INNOCENTS ABROAD. The publishers inform us that "45,000 copies of Mark Twain's recent book have been printed, and that six presses are running constantly upon it." We are glad to hear it. It is a capital book.

THE RIVER OF THE WEST. LIFE AND ADVENTURE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS AND OREGON. Embracing events in the lifetime of a mountain-man and pioneer: with the early history of the North-western Slope, including an account of the fur traders, the Indian tribes, the overland immigration, the Oregon missions, and the tragic fate of Rev. Dr. Whitman and family. Also, a Description of the Country, its condition, prospects, and resources; its soil, climate, and scenery. With numerous engravings. By Mrs. FRANCES FULLER VICTOR. Published by Subscription Only. Published by R. W. Bliss & Company, Hartford, Conn., and Toledo, Ohio. Also for sale by Miss B. Sobenck, General Agent, 724 Chestnut St., Philada.

WHAT IS JUDAISM? Or a Few Words to the Jews. By Rev. RAPHAEL D'C. LEWIN. Published by D. Appleton & Co.; New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada. A book giving the views of the "Reform" Party among the Jews, and well worth reading.

MRS. GERALD'S NIECE. A Novel. By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON, author of "Too Strange not to be True," "A Stormy Life," etc., etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. February, 1870. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE GALAXY. February. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

☞ Prince Arthur, second son of Queen Victoria, arrived at New York on the 21st, on his way to Washington. It may gratify public curiosity to add that the Prince wore a light brown overcoat, with velvet collar, black pantaloons, a Lord Stanley scarf and pin, light kid gloves, and a black silk hat of the latest style. He also carries a cane, and in his general "getting up" has a striking resemblance to his brother, the Prince of Wales.

☞ Mr. Wells, the Special Commissioner of the Revenue, estimates the total cost of the recent war, including state and city debts, and losses to industry, at over six thousand millions of dollars. He further estimates the loss to the Confederate States as two thousand seven hundred millions. Making a loss in all to the country of nearly NINE THOUSAND MILLIONS OF DOLLARS! Cowper said:—

"War is a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at."

The people of this country are both kings and subjects, and yet we seem to like to play at war about as much as other countries.

Anecdotes from "Personal Beauty."

A WORK RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

LE GRAND MONARQUE.—Most persons have read more or less about Louis XIV. It is not easy to escape him in French literature. He was called by his courtiers Louis le Grand, and as it is difficult to break an old habit, the adjective clings to him still. Well, all the memoirs of his time speak of him as of commanding stature, and we might suppose from their descriptions he was at least six feet in his stockings. In fact he was about five feet seven inches, and the rest of his height was made up by high heels, a judicious costume, and a perruque of magnitude. If we learn nothing else about him, it is worth while to know this, for it illustrates how readily a diminutive person can conceal this defect of nature.

A WILFUL WOMAN.—The Duchess of Marlborough, wife of the "great Duke," was a termagant of the worst sort. No anecdote so forcibly illustrates her temper as this: She had long and rich hair, which her husband greatly admired. One day, to spite him, she cropped it off close and threw it in his face.

But she was of a nature to defy death itself. When very old, she was taken sick. The physicians told her she must be blistered. She refused. They urged it. She remained obstinate. At length one of them said, "Unless your ladyship is willing to be blistered you will die." "I won't be blistered and I won't die," returned the incorrigible old woman. And for that time she was as good as her word.

DANGER OF REDUCING FLESH.—Often corpulence is a protection thrown out by the system against some threatening disease. If the corpulence is then successfully attacked, the victory may cost the person her life. A case is recorded by Dr. Maccary where an obese child was reduced in flesh, but became ever after subject to epileptic fits. A number of instances have been recently published in medical journals, where ladies have brought on fatal disease of the kidneys by a too determinate and unwise reduction of their weight. A case came recently under our own notice, where a young lady weighing nearly two hundred pounds, entered upon the reduction of her size with great zeal, but little discretion. She succeeded, but developed in the process the seeds of hereditary consumption of the lungs. No such attempt should ever be made, therefore, until some skillful physician has not only examined for any lurking signs of disease, but has inquired carefully into the personal and family history, and, to the extent of human power, satisfied himself there is no danger.

QUAKER LADIES.—Violent passion, or long indulgence of any one emotion, is not less hurtful to the face than it is to the mind. Serenity of disposition is the true Fountain of Youth.

We live in the ancient city of Penn, and many a visitor has asked us: "Doctor, why is it these old Quaker ladies whom I meet in the streets have such fresh complexions, and so few wrinkles? Is it their poke-bonnets which keep off the sun? Or have they some secret?"

No, madam, it is not their poke-bonnets, as you are pleased to term them, nor have they any secret, or at least it is an open one. But it is very stuff o' the conscience with them to yield to no inordinate emotion, to be temperate in all things, and to hold under strict command their bodies and their minds. You see they are rewarded by prolonged good looks; and if you step around to an insurance office you will learn their chance of long life is notably better than that of the rest of us.

FLOGGING FOR FAT.—There was a method of increasing flesh recommended by Galen and some other physicians of the olden time. This was nothing more nor less than a sound flogging every day or two! This old Roman writer tells us that in his day the slave dealers whipped their chattels soundly, so as to get them in fine, plump condition for the market. Then, too, it was so much cheaper than mutton and corn! "No doubt," says Dr. John Bell, in his work on Beauty, "such flagellation tends to increase the circulation at the surface, and give tone to languid muscles."

NUMBER OF THE HAIRS.—It is a vain task, one might suppose, to set to work to number the hairs of the head. "As the hairs of the head, or the sands of the sea in number," is a favorite Oriental metaphor to express an innumerable host. Yet there are those who have attempted this incredible labor. Nor is it a very great task to make some approximation. Thus we know there are one hundred and twenty square inches covered with hair, on a head of average size. Take a single square inch, where the hairs seem of an average thickness, and count how many there are. It can be done in a short time. The result will be, in a healthy scalp, from eight hundred to twelve hundred, say in round numbers one thousand. Multiply this by one hundred and twenty, and we have one hundred and twenty thousand as the average number of hairs on the head.

ABOUT RED FLANNEL.—The *color* of the garment next the skin must not be overlooked. There is a time-honored notion, familiar to every one, that *red* flannel has some peculiar virtue about it. The old women recommend it for "rheumatix" and "stiff joints." However well-founded this venerable preposession may have been in the good old times when the dye-stuffs were derived from vegetable extracts, we regret that we must throw discredit on it at present. Many of the reds now employed in the arts are obtained from coal-oil and from the salts of mercury, both of which contain acrid and poisonous principles. Within a year or two a number of cases have been reported, where painful cutaneous diseases arose from wearing articles thus dyed.

One young gentleman, mentioned by Dr. Tardieu of Paris, who seemed to fancy, with Sir Andrew Agueecheik, that his leg "looked indifferent well in a flame-colored stock," sent in haste for his physician the next morning after wearing a pair. Precisely so far as the red hose had extended, there was a marked inflammation of the skin.

Any decided color should be rejected. Our recommendation is to avoid all dyed garments whatever next the skin, and if we *do* yield to the charms of delicate flesh tints in gloves and stockings, it is with some disturbance of our professional conscience. Skin gloves, be it remembered, dyed on the outer side, do not come within the ban.

☞ The value of the egg product of this country is $250,000,000. More money is invested in fences than in building. Everywhere little things become in the aggregate mighty things.

More About California.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, }
January 5, 1870. }

"Stormy weather will set in here by Christmas time—it always does." Thus have the sages pronounced judgment all through the month of December—and sure enough, true to the predictions of the "oldest inhabitants," early in the week it began to grow cold; one day the thermometer fell to 35—the coldest day ever remembered here—clouds began to gather, and the morning of December 24, found the rain falling in torrents. When it rains in California, it does so indeed with terrible fury; it seems as though the welkin had opened with a vengeance to thoroughly flood the fair earth, whose beauty has been fascinating the eye and gladdening the heart.

Without, all was gloomy and cheerless—within, a scene of bright festivity. Busy fingers were at work skillfully decking the well-shaped tree with articles of sweetness and beauty—and eager little hearts beat wildly, outside closed doors, in joyous anticipation of the coming evening. The logs blazed brightly upon the hearth-stone, and crackled, and sparkled, and warmed, while the pitiless fall of the rain still smote upon our ears.

All was at last ready; the doors thrown open, the guests, young and old, hurried in—and a burst of joyous exclamation at sight of the splendor of the taper-lighted tree, rewarded the workers, of whom I was one, for all our pains. When the guests were all seated, "Old Block," our kindly host, took his stand by the tree, and after informing us that his venerable friend, Santa Claus, owing to his numerous engagements, was prevented from being with us in person, but had sent his regrets, and deputed him—Old Block—to officiate in his stead, proceeded to distribute the neatly done-up parcels hung about the lower branches of the tree.

I suggested that no parcel should be opened until all were distributed; yet most heartily regretted my suggestion, when my own lap began to fill up with those labelled with my name. How curious I did grow, and how all the guests did laugh at the impatience caused by my own suggestion! Finally the task was completed, and together we all cut the strings and tore off the papers that concealed our treasures. Pretty well we all did fare, none better than I, little cause as I had to expect as many remembrances in this land which but so recently was one of strangers to me. Gifts useful, ornamental, and comical, fell to my share—even the time-honored potato did not fail me—but as the same package in which it was found contained also a very handsome article of finely-wrought, real Washoe silver, I could not feel much insulted with the potato. I will not begin to enumerate all the pretty things I received, yet must not neglect to mention that amongst my books was numbered a copy of "Mrs. Goose's melodies," from which, as was my bounden duty, I recited sundry selections for the benefit of the assembled party, before we drew around the groaning board to partake of the plentiful repast of "good things."

And so the Christmas eve passed away, and when the following morning dawned upon us the rain had long ceased, but the earth was white with snow, the dainty flakes were still falling. Boys and girls were not long in setting forth with their sleds for a grand snow frolic; even more than where snow is abundant, is it appreciated by the juveniles here. A white, pure Christmas, just such an one as we all love to see, just such an one as I have seen many a time at home. Had I not resolutely determined in this my first holiday season out of dear old Philadelphia, to bid defiance to all home-sickness, I am not quite sure what might have been the consequence, as it was I must admit a wee shade of the feeling crept stealthily up from the hidden depths of my heart; yet strong determination and resolute will can accomplish wonders, and through these I did not permit it to overpower me. At noon the mail brought me a certain Christmas-box, containing loving letters and charming tokens of remembrance from the dear ones at home. Nothing could have been better timed, and any one who has ever been threatened with home-sickness will know what a world of good it did me.

Meanwhile, other citizens of Grass Valley had been making merry in diverse ways. It is a California custom to have trees in the churches, laden with presents for the Sunday-school children, and each congregation assembles for festal celebrations upon Christmas eve in its own church. The idea is, in many respects, a beautiful and noble one; money is subscribed and much labor expended for the purpose of purchasing Christmas gifts for little ones, who, otherwise, would have no time of rejoicing, yet one little oversight—attempt at display—or what you will—to my taste almost spoils the whole. It is this: not only the modest presents to be made to the Sunday school children are hung upon the festal tree, but wealthy parents of the congregation send also their elegant presents to their own favored little ones, children to parents, friends to friends, all to be publicly distributed from the Sunday-school tree. Now the presents given to the poorer of the children, and which of themselves might bring joy and gladness, fade into insignificance when compared to the elegant gifts that fall to the lots of the favored of fortune. Little Sallie, the poor miner's child, is presented say with a doll, which at first sends a thrill of joy through her heart, but beside her little Blanche, daughter of a merchant prince or mine-owner, receives from *her* fond parents a gaily-dressed doll, with eyes to open and shut, and real flaxen hair. It is not in human nature that Sallie should not draw comparisons to the complete detriment of her own pleasure, and that she should go home disenchanted and sad! When I make such comments among those interested in these exhibitions, they tell me that children must learn to root out envy from their hearts, and become accustomed to the difference in station that they must necessarily feel more and more as they grow older. Yes, that is all well enough, I know, but it seems to me that the lines need not be so perceptibly marked in a festal celebration within the precincts of a Christian place of worship. However we can't all see alike, and it is well, otherwise there would be less variety in life.

A DRIVE TO INDIAN SPRINGS.

The earth was so warm, snow could not long remain after it had fallen; the very day after Christmas it was beginning to disappear, and by the following day all traces of it were gone. Soon the sunshine was as brilliant as ever, the noonday heat almost summer-like once more. Why, the last day of '69 the thermometer, at 2 P. M., actually stood at 72 in the shade. One of these pleasant days, December 30 it was, I received an invitation to drive to "Indian Springs," some ten miles below here. We started in an open buggy at ten o'clock in the morning, and the sun's rays were already so hot and blinding, I found the shade of my parasol most grateful. Through the streets of Grass Valley we drove, followed by many kindly wishes that our drive might be a pleasant one, then out into the open country, through pine groves and pine-shaded roads. Our route lay through a charming country, long sweeps of gently sloping hills, pleasing knolls and dales surrounded us, while in the distance the wild, majestic grandeur of the lofty, snow clad ranges bewilderingly diversified the scene. Hills covered with an abundant second growth of timber, where the original forest trees had been cut away, leaving but here and there a tall pine of the primitive growth rearing its stately head in impressive grandeur far above these new-comers, and forest glades overgrown with a dense *chaparral* of buckeye, manzanita, wild lilac, chamiza, and other shrubs, meet the eye upon every side. This *chaparral*, or densely intermingled growth of shrubbery, must be marvellously picturesque when in bloom, the flowers of the wild lilac and buckeye are said in particular to be extremely brilliant and beautiful.

When we reached the ridge of hills dividing the valley we were leaving from the lower one, to which we proposed descending, my companion drove me up the side of one of these hills, commanding the finest view of the surrounding country. I saw Grass Valley nestling among the hills, and dotted around with its quartz mills, encircled with great heaps of refuse stone from the mines. I saw perhaps a longer stretch of snow mountains than ever before at once, and I saw the Sacramento Valley, with coast range mountains beyond. A heavy fog was rising from the Sacramento Valley, and as I looked at it through the excellent field glass we carried with us, it presented a most singular appearance. Without the aid of the glass it was like some huge sea; *with* it the vast mass of misty vapor could be distinctly noticed to wreathe and curl in its upward struggles, and we felt disposed to laughingly wonder how it fared with the human life beneath its *apparently* oppressive weight.

Do not accuse me, I pray you, dear reader, of dwelling too frequently and too long upon these scenes I have presented to me. When you come to see California for yourselves you will—like myself—yield to the strange fascination of the whole face of the country, which makes me long to see each grand sight from every varied point of view—aye, and talk about it too, upon paper as well as by word of mouth.

It was interesting to note, as we drove towards the change in the timber, how the pine and fir gradually yielded place to the live oak and other varieties. This live or evergreen oak differs widely from the species known in our Eastern states, is more fantastic and weird than majestic, and is dotted over the country sometimes in accordance with strange freaks of nature. In one place we passed a stretch of land resembling perfectly a well set out orchard, the entire form of the trees, with their knotty, gnarled branches, so similar to very old apple trees that the foliage alone could make apparent the difference to an unaccustomed eye. In fact it was hard to realize the trees had not been placed in the relative positions they occupied by man's design. This species of oak bears a sweet acorn, which forms an important article of Indian diet.

Indian Springs, our place of destination, we found to be a charming spot. It derives its name from a sparkling stream of water, around which has always been a favorite camping ground of the native Indians. The grass of the valley I found as green and fresh as in spring time, so also was that of Penn Valley, through which we took our route homewards. In these lower valleys snow never falls, and although the noonday sun is no hotter than in Grass Valley, the temperature is more equable throughout the day. The cold spell which brought snow-storm and a few freezing nights here, gave in those lower altitudes just frost enough to kill the wild flowers blooming a few weeks since, and which I had hoped to see.

Driving along, several spots of interest were pointed out to me. Amongst others, a *ranch*, where, in 1852, an enterprising pioneer planted the first potato crop in the county. He was ridiculed for his undertaking, and assured there was no likelihood of the soil being susceptible of cultivation. Nevertheless he persevered, the result being a fine yield of potatoes, at a profit of $3,000 upon the original outlay; and an example which was speedily followed by other *ranch* owners. Then I saw wretched, tumble-down hovels, once places of *rendezvous* of the bands of *professional* robbers, who at an early day abounded in California; I saw scenes of Indian romance, and much else calculated to awaken the imagination. Nor must I forget to mention a rude, forlorn, frame building, which, before luxury in the way of hotels and inns had crept in, was a noted place of resort hereabouts, and still bears the high-sounding name upon its sign-board—"St. Charles's Hotel."

In "Rough and Ready" township, four miles west of Grass Valley, I had my first opportunity of observing the workings of the hydraulic hose in *placer* mining. These hydraulic diggings are worked by taking the water from some creek or mountain stream, at a point sometimes miles above the flat or ravine to be worked, and conducting it along the hill-sides until a sufficient elevation is obtained over the diggings to make a powerful head. From this point iron pipes or tubes, six to eight inches in diameter, conduct the water down the steep hillsides to the ground to be mined out. A large gutta-percha hose, having a strong nozzle resembling that of fire engines, is attached to the lower end of the pipe, and through it the water gushes with amazing velocity. The force thus attained is sufficient to tear down the gravel banks and disintegrate the soil, which is then carried off by the water through long sluices, leaving the gold against cleats nailed across the bottom of the sluice-boxes. The gold is usually gathered or cleaned up after a run of two or three weeks. One hose will not only accomplish the work of fifty men in the old mode of placer mining, but do it better and more efficiently, and can be managed by one man alone.

THE SOCIAL PARTY AT "HAMILTON HALL."

All the *elite* of Grass Valley were assembled at the above named hall for a merry dance, on New Year's Eve. It was a brilliant and pleasant assemblage—and judging from the description in the Grass Valley "National," such an amount of youth, beauty, and elegance, was never before brought together. But, in fact, there were perhaps unusual numbers of fresh young beauties amongst the gay throng, and notwithstanding the atrocious music, the dance was spirited and merry. In the midst of one of the liveliest quadrilles, every one was amazed at the cry of "Happy New Year," which was soon, however, taken up and re-echoed through the Hall. The evening had passed so rapidly, it was hard to believe we had indeed crossed the boundary-line that separated the years, and had entered upon the year 1870.

The old year, with its cares, bitterness, and sorrows, as well as its pleasures, was gone, but not with it the memories that will throng upon one alike in the festive assembly as in the solitude of home. To crush them down, though—all that are fraught with bitterness—and only to retain the bright memories of life should be the effort of each human heart. The task cannot be fully accomplished, I know, but the effort does good—and if each one of us would only try to catch and keep the sunbeams that fall across our paths, instead of dwelling upon the clouds and storms, there would be far more of contentment in life.

But how strangely I am wandering from my theme! I must tell you yet that these parties are gotten up by the gentlemen of the place, and seem more in favor here than parties at private houses, other than small gatherings. The dance upon this occasion did not fully break up until 5 o'clock, but I left *early*, at 2 in the morning.

And so you learn of still another purpose to which "Hamilton Hall" is dedicated. I heard something relative to this renowned place, the other day, which struck me as being "good to tell." A bright little boy, with inquiring mind, was asking me sundry questions relative to Philadelphia. All at once he looked up very eagerly, and fixing his great, sparkling eyes full upon my face, he asked: "And is there a 'Hamilton Hall' in Philadelphia?"

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

In San Francisco the "open-house" system is quite *en vogue*; in a daily paper I saw a long list of those families who would receive, but here, in the country, there is only calling amongst friends and neighbors, and even that is not a general thing. But there is much dining and lunching out—I, myself, by special invitation, lunched at one house and dined at another, besides receiving some social calls in my temporary home.

Also, early in the day, I attended again at "Hamilton Hall"—an anniversary celebration in memory of the emancipation proclamation, under the auspices, of course, of the Grass Valley citizens of African descent. These people form a very orderly, well-meaning portion of the community here, and are evidently earnestly endeavoring to make use of every opportunity given them for improvement. The oration, delivered by "Brother Hubbard," might have done credit in point of patriotic sentiments, simple eloquence, and earnestness, to many a white orator. To be sure, the amount of learning displayed, and the number of quotations introduced, were somewhat overpowering, yet I have often heard the same in a less able discourse; and I was ready to follow the injunctions of the "colored gentleman" who introduced the speaker—to remember how short a time they had been able to improve and educate themselves, and "not to criticize."

And so the holidays have gone! But I must not close until I have referred to the earthquake shocks of which you have read in the papers. Only think of how I have abused my opportunities. I have actually at the time not been aware of one of them. That of December 26 was said to be the most severe shock ever felt in this vicinity—yet either the house in which I am staying did not shake as did some of the neighbors', or it must have shaken but slightly—*I* did not experience it. Earthquakes in this vicinity cannot be very alarming I conclude.

AUBER FORRESTIER.

Let Common Sense Decide.

What is the rational mode of procedure in cases of general debility and nervous prostration? Does not reason tell us that judicious stimulation is required? To resort to violent purgation in such a case is as absurd as it would be to bleed a starving man. Yet it is done every day. Yes, this stupid and unphilosophical practice is continued in the teeth of the *great fact* that physical weakness, with all the nervous disturbance that accompany it, is more certainly and rapidly relieved by HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS than by any other medicine at present known. It is true that general debility is often attended with torpidity and irregularity of the bowels, and that this symptom must not be overlooked. But while the discharge of the waste matter of the system is expedited or regulated, its *vigor must be recruited*. The Bitters do both. They combine aperient and anti-bilious properties, with extraordinary tonic power. Even while removing obstructions from the bowels, they tone and invigorate those organs. Through the stomach, upon which the great vegetable specific acts directly, it gives a healthy and permanent impetus to every effected function. Digestion is facilitated, the faltering circulation regulated, the blood reinforced with a new accession of the alimentary principle, the nerves braced, and all the dormant powers of the system roused into healthy action; not spasmodically, as would be the case if a mere stimulant were administered, but for a continuance. It is in this way that such extraordinary changes are wrought in the condition of the feeble, emaciated and nervous invalids by the use of this wonderful corrective, alterative and tonic. Let common sense decide between such a preparation and a prostrating cathartic supplemented by a poisonous astringent like strychnine or quinia. jan1-5t

☞ A velocipede-riding youth was recently thrown from his machine in Liverpool and killed.

CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP contains a large per centage of VEGETABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. CRAMPTON BROS., 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rogers-place, and 33 and 35 Jefferson St. Office 54 Front Street, New York. oct2-6m

☞ Rev. Billings Clapp, of Enfield, in his 80th year, has a wife of thirty, and three young children, the oldest five years, and the youngest a babe of nine months. Mr. C. has also ten other children living by a former marriage.

The State of Maine Sold Out at Auction.

The Portland Transcript says:—"Mrs. Jane P. Thurston, of this city, a lady with some real and many imaginary grievances, and who for years has haunted the Legislature, and even Congress, with her claims, proceeded, according to a notice she had formerly given, to sell the state of Maine at auction, at the State House, just before the hour for convening the Legislature on Wednesday week. She received one modest bid of $100,000,000, but concluded she could herself afford to do better, and before the assembled crowd could collect their astonished wits, she had bid in this eligible property, and at once took possession of the Speaker's chair. It required considerable force to eject her when the hour of organization arrived, the messengers receiving some severe blows in the face. Her clothes were badly torn. She served notice of the sale on the Secretary of State, and notified President Grant by telegraph. The poor woman is a monomaniac, being perfectly sane upon all points except those involving the binding nature of contracts. She is usually very lady-like in her manners, and rarely shows any signs of anger, though often urgently pressing her claims upon the city and the state."

The Romance of Cure.

The many evidences of extraordinary cures, that are daily reported as effected through

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

Ready Relief and Perfect Purgative Pills in written testimonials from all parts of the world, surpass in wonder the most extravagant miracles of enchantment. Physicians and medical men in all countries pronounce these wonderful remedies a *mystery*, that neither their science of analysis or chemical skill can explain. True, these medicines effect the most marvellous cures, and restore the dying to life, and relieve the most wretched pain-suffering victim of his tortures, in from *one to twenty* minutes, and although they know some of the ingredients of their composition, and Doctor Radway has published their formula (withholding only two newly discovered roots,) still both French, German, English and American chemists and pharmaceutists *utterly fail* with the same ingredients *as prepared by them*. The great success, which these wonderful remedies are constantly achieving, lies in the great secret of combining the ingredients together, after exercising due care in selecting the pure and genuine roots.

Tumor of 12 Years' Growth Cured by Radway's Resolvent.

REVERE, Mass., July 12, 1869.

DR. RADWAY: I have had Ovarian Tumor in the ovaries and bowels. All the doctors said "there was no help for it." I tried everything that was recommended, but nothing helped me. I saw your Resolvent, and thought I would try it, but had no faith in it, because I had suffered for *Twelve Years*. I took six bottles of the Resolvent, one box of Radway's Pills, and used two bottles of your *Ready Relief;* and there is not a sign of a tumor to be seen or felt, and I feel *better, smarter*, and happier than I have for 12 years. The worst tumor was in the left side of the bowels over the groin. I write this to you for the benefit of others. You can publish it if you choose. * * * * * * * *

HANNAH P. KNAPP.

Radway's Ready Relief in Two Minutes

gave ease and comfort *to a bed-ridden sufferer*, who for four weeks had been disabled, and for fourteen days under various physicians, receiving no benefit. Read the letter:

"CERTIFICATE!" "COPY!"

During four weeks I had been suffering most severely from most violent pains in the spine, loins, and head. During 14 days I had been utterly unable to attend to anything. After having had medical aid from various physicians, and applied remedies of every kind, without obtaining any relief, my attention happened to be called to *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF*. I ordered immediately some to be fetched, and two minutes after rubbing myself with the same, the pains in the head disappeared, and after several frictions with the Relief, the pains in the spine and loins disappeared the next day, so that I was enabled to attend to my work on the same day.

The astonishing rapidity of the action of this glorious remedy compels me to give publicity to this fact in behalf of suffering humanity. I consider it my duty toward my fellow-men, in order that persons suffering in a similar manner may avail themselves of that admirable remedy.

Dortmund, in Westphalia, Prussia 14th Aug., 1869.
(Signed.) HERMEN LIENE of Germania, near Martin.
Witness: Heiner Numberger, in Dortmund.

Drs. Radway & Co. have never claimed one-hundredth part of the curative virtues for their remedies as is ascribed to them by the people who have used them; for bear in mind, only such diseases and complaints that Dr. Radway, after successful treatment with their remedies knew they would cure, were enumerated in their curative list, so that many of the extraordinary cases that have been reported awakened as much astonishment in the discovery of their remedial agents as in those who had been rescued from death, and made whole and sound.

At first many persons discredited their extraordinary power, from the fact of their disappointment in the use of other advertised remedies—and some believed it impossible for simple medicines made only from vegetable substances—roots, herbs, &c.—should possess such marvellous power. Yet they can readily comprehend that these simple grasses of the field, after undergoing the chemical process of distillation designed by nature in the cow, furnishes us with butter—certainly the most abundant fat, caloric or heat-making—bone, tissue, muscle, sinew and blood-making constituents for the human body.

But when those people who first doubt the efficacy of these remedies commence their use, they became their most earnest advocates.

Consumption, Scrofula, White Swelling, Tumors in the Womb, Stomach, Ovaries, Bowels, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys that have been pronounced Incurable, Cancers, Ulcers, Swellings, Stone in the Bladder, Calculous Concretions, Ulcers and Sores of the Bones, Rickets so deeply seated that no other medicines have ever been known to reach, have been cured by the *SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT*, aided by the *READY RELIEF* and *PILLS*.

OVARIAN TUMOR CURED.

Never has a medicine taken internally been known to have cured tumors either of the womb, uteri, ovaries, or bowels; the knife has been the sole reliance in the hands of experienced surgeons; but Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian settles this question. For it has cured over twenty persons of Ovarian Cysts and Tumors, as well as Tumors in the Bowels, Uterus, Womb, Liver, Dropsical Effusion, Ascites, and Calculus Concretions.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent is $1 per bottle, or $5 for half dozen; Ready Relief 50 cents; Pills 25 cents. Johnston, Holloway & Cowdan, 602 Arch St., Philadelphia. Dr. Radway & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York city. jan1-4t

☞ Desirable state of destitution—having nothing to reproach one's self with.

Change of Food Needful.

Man, when confined for any considerable time to one kind of food, is more liable to disease than when his regimen is varied. The diseases common among sailors on long voyages is an illustration of this.

Now, what is true of man is equally true of the various species of animals. Domestic animals, when confined for an undue period of time to one kind of food, sicken and die. Barnyard cattle suffer from the same cause. For them nature has furnished a variety. In summer the different kinds of grasses, with their rich juices, tempt their taste and improve their flesh. Yet even then, we obtain an argument for a variety of food, from the fact that cattle which are fed with grain or vegetables, put on fat more rapidly than when they partake of grass alone. But in the winter our ordinary dry food is not as conducive to growth as the summer grasses.

"Fodder," as it is familiarly termed, has lost much of its original properties in curing. You will find the defect in part supplied by roots of various kinds. Among these, turnips, carrots, beets, and the like, have their value. But these, or something of the kind, should be provided to give variety to our winter supply of stock.

Farmers, look to this, and see if the best cattle, and the best folds of sheep are not those which have been furnished with a variety of food during their long winter confinements. Would you have good stock? Then have good bins full of roots for their winter feed.

To Owners of Horses.

Thousands of horses die yearly from colic. This need not be. *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment* will positively cure every case if given when first taken. The cost is only one dollar. Every owner of a horse should have a bottle in his stable, ready for use. It is warranted superior to anything else for the cure of cuts, wind galls, swellings, sore throat, sprains, bruises, old sores, &c. This Liniment is no new remedy. It has been used and approved of for 22 years by the first horsemen in the country. Given to an over-driven horse, it acts like magic. Orders are constantly received from the *racing stables of England* for it. The celebrated Hiram Woodruff, of trotting fame, used it for years. Col. Philo P. Bush, of the Jerome race course, has given a certificate which can be seen at the depot, stating that after years of trial, it is the best in the world. His address is Fordham, N. Y. No one once using it will ever be without it. It is put up in pint bottles. Sold by the druggists and saddlers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. jan1-6t

☞ There are two Salt Lake City signs: "Holiness to the Lord: Zion's Co-operative Institute." "Holiness to the Lord: Cider, Apples and Cakes for sale here." Nearly all the Mormon signs bear this queer prefix.

Be Beautiful—Restore Nature's Losses

If you desire beautiful hair, dark and lustrous, same healthy condition as in youth, use "*London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing*." It restores gray Hair, stops its falling at once; it is utterly different, and possesses great advantages over all other (so called) restorers, as it is not sticky or gummy; soils nothing; its application is a real pleasure instead of a task; as a hair dressing it is absolute perfection; ask for "*London Hair Color Restorer*;" use no other. Price only 75 cents. One dozen $8. Sold by dealers everywhere. DR. SWAYNE & SON, 720 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. jan15-ow1f

☞ Mr. Disraeli signs nearly all his letters "D," and his autograph is extremely rare.

To Soldiers, Heirs and Others—For collection of Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize Money, and all other claims. Address General Collection Agency, No. 135 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. BONNEY S. LEACH & Co., sept4-1y

☞ The clerk of the weather evidently brought about the recent mild weather as a punishment to the coal companies for putting up the price of fuel.

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with 10 cents postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia oct1-1y

☞ A married lady in St. Paul has been in a trance state for six weeks, and her husband refuses to send for a doctor. He says he intends to enjoy a quiet time as long as possible.

READ THE FOLLOWING:—HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are an irresistible antidote to all complaints engendered by the excessive use of mercury, opium and other paralyzing medicines, instilling new life and vigor into the blood. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

☞ Mrs. Stowe makes the most of her material in her new Byron book but does not bring forward much additional direct evidence; the critics think she has weakened rather than fortified her case; the Pall Mall Gazette is particularly severe on the book.

An Article of True Merit.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are the most popular article in this country or Europe for throat diseases and coughs, and this popularity is based upon real merit, which cannot be said of many other preparations in the market which are really but weak imitations of the genuine Troches.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th of Dec., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. WILLIAM M. KNICKEL to Miss ANN E. HUGHES, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., Mr. S. C. STARL to Miss MAGGIE HUNTER, both of this city.

On the 16th of July, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. ALBERT SANDERS to Miss ISABELLA BARFORD, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by Alderman T. Dallas, Mr. GEORGE GILMORE to Miss SALLIE KUHLER, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. M. H. Sixty, Mr. JAMES MARSDEN to Miss MARY E. SHUMFORD, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. DAVID V. BIBBS to Miss EMMA CLAYTON, both of Bucks county, Pa.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. CHARLOTTE CHURCH, in her 68th year.

On the 18th instant, JOHN STRICKLER, in his 75th year.

On the 17th instant, RICHARD J. BENNETT, in his 32d year.

On the 17th instant, GEORGE B. GALTON, aged 33 years.

On the 16th instant, J. WILLIAM, son of the late Jacob and Theresa Beck, in his 26th year.

On the 16th instant, MRS. ANNIE M. ABEL, in her 64th year.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. ANNA C. BAKER, in her 66th year.

On the 15th instant, JANE, relict of the late Danl. Altemus, in her 70th year.

On the 14th instant, CYNTHIA HAZELTON, aged 82 years.

THE COMING YEAR.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for the present year:—

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Out Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. *It was engraved in England, at a cost of* $2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, *paying in advance*, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

A GIFT.

BY ELLEN M. FERRIS.

Over the ivory needle
Slipping the wool to and fro,
Weaving a thousand bright fancies
Into the work as I go—
Oh! a baby's shoe is a wonderful theme
O'er which to linger and ponder and dream.

'Neath my swift fingers how shapely it grows,
Now with the white zephyr, now with the rose;
Backward and forward, now loose and now tight,
And now 'tis like lacework, so soft and so light.
Oh! a dainty present will soon be done,
For the daintiest lady under the sun.

Ah! so proud and so fine is she,
She will deign no notice to you or to me.
She stares around with her wide blue eyes,
And sometimes she smiles, and often she cries:
But so potent alike are her smile and her cry,
That from garret to basement the news will fly,
And that baby smile fill the house with mirth,
And that baby cry banish peace from the hearth.

Backward and forward the white wool again,
Taking a loop up and making a chain.
Now with the pink zephyr a finishing row
Of shells round the tiny white ankle must go.
A few stitches more, and a gift will be done
For the daintiest lady under the sun.

Over the ivory needle
Slipping the wool to and fro,
Weaving a thousand bright fancies
Into the work as I go—
Oh! a baby's shoe is a wonderful theme,
Over which to linger and ponder and dream.

—*N. Y. Leader.*

☞ A DOG STORY.—At Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, as the gun for reveille and evening roll-call is fired, each day, a dog belonging to the post, and known as "Artillery Jack," takes his position beside it, superintends the operation of loading and firing with the most assiduous attention, and when the match is applied, leaps with a yell through the smoke to catch the ball, which he firmly believes to have been discharged. This he eagerly hunts for around the parade ground, and when disappointed he runs back to the gun, looks into the muzzle, hangs his head and walks away, seeming puzzled and disgusted, but not hopeless.

☞ A Dr. Bernier, in Paris, is bleaching noses to which the treacherous influence of liquor has imparted a ruddy glow, by means of electricity. He has recently restored a lady of the highest rank to happiness, changing her nose—a blooming rose—into a delicate lily. Dr. Bernier is having his method patented.

THE LITTLE COTTAGE.

BY JOHN E. BOLLES.

Round our little cottage door
Twines a garland green,
And it bears the fairest flower
That on earth is seen.
By the little cottage gate
Grows a sweet, sweet briar,
Prouder than in kingly state—
Old and young admire.
By that cottage window
Blooms a climbing rose,
Giving sweetest odors
To every wind that blows.

On the lonely cottage roof
Little mosses spring,
And the gentle sparrows
In the clefts do sing,
And the blue-eyed violets
Round the cottage spring;
Violets and roses,
Honeysuckles, too,
Pinks and bright sweet-williams,
Bathed in morning dew,
And the clover blossoms,
Red and white, for you.

Will you change that cottage
For a palace great?
And its smiling comforts
For a crown of state?
For a palace splendid,
Where the proud may range?
Happiness is ended
When you make the change.

—*Norwich Bulletin.*

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CALLED OUT OF THE RECEPTION-ROOM.

Lamps at the door and carriages dashing up to it, and the shouting of clashing coachmen, and the sweet scent of exotics through the hall and up the staircase, proclaimed that Major and Mrs. Dawkes were holding a reception. Strictly speaking, it was hers. When the Major got home, after his interview with Keziah, he had barely time to get his dinner-coat on. Half-a-dozen people dined with them, and the reception came later. The Major had quite forgotten there was to be one; if indeed he had ever been made aware of it.

He was beginning to hate these crowds at his own home. Careless-natured though he was, there were certain dangers besetting his path that half frightened him; and the mob jarred upon his nerves.

Mrs. Dawkes did not consult him when she should hold them; and was not likely to. As yet the dangers were at a tolerable distance; and the Major, always sanguine, hoped to avert them.

Not one single person do we know amidst the crowd. Satins, feathers, fans, bouquets, jostle the black coats of men; a goodly company: but to us they are strangers. Mrs. Dawkes, in white silk and lace, her golden hair worn carelessly—and perhaps that is the chief reason of its looking so wonderfully beautiful—stands to receive them. But now some one comes in whom we do know—Thomas Kage the barrister. And his presence in that house is so very rare—at least at its gay doings—that Major Dawkes lifts his supercilious eyebows, and wonders audibly what the diokens has brought him.

This. Somebody had said in his ear lately, that Mrs. Dawkes was killing herself—killing herself with the dissipated life she led—and that she was looking just as though she had one foot in the grave, and might be in it now before her mother, if she did not take care.

For that poor old shaking scarecrow was alive yet. A sad burden to herself, a wearing trouble to all around her, she existed on, never moving out of the one room she occupied in her house at Chilling. Fry, her maid, had quitted her place, strength and patience alike reduced, and had taken service with Mrs. Dawkes. But it is not with Mrs. Kage that we have anything to do.

So Thomas Kage came to see. He generally had a standing card for Mrs. Dawkes's assemblies. In spite of his non-attendance, she always sent them; and he thought he would for once make use of it. He also wanted to say a word to the Major. Drawing aside to let the crowd pass in advance, he stood against the wall while he scanned her.

Even so. She was looking thin, worn, ill. Dark circles were round her eyes; her lips were feverish; her cough—she coughed three or four times—had a hollow hacking sound. A strange pang shot through the heart of Thomas Kage.

"*You* here!" exclaimed Caroline, her face lighting up with pleasure as she met Mr. Kage's hand. "I should think it would rain gold to-morrow."

"Because my appearance here is so rare?"

"You know it is. If my poor receptions were poison, Thomas, you could not eschew them worse than you do."

"I wish I could induce *you* to eschew them, Caroline."

"I! That *is* good!"

"You are looking very thin."

"Yes, I am thin. I have not been well lately."

"What has been the matter?"

"Oh, a cold, I think. I have spit a little blood once or twice."

"Caroline!"

She laughed at his face of consternation.

"It was ever so many weeks ago. Nothing but the cough brought it on. One night, coming out of St. James's Hall, the carriage could not get up. Major Dawkes was in a hurry to go somewhere, so we walked to it. I had nothing on my neck but a thin lace cape, and the cold caught my chest. I am quite well again. It is the sitting up late and the rackety life we lead that makes me look thin."

"Caroline, I am glad to hear you acknowledge that fact. To lead this life always would injure one twice as strong as you are. There's reason in roasting eggs, you know."

"Apropos of what?"

"But there's no reason in leading it without cessation," continued Mr. Kage, following out his argument. "Why don't you go down to the Rock?"

Caroline shrugged her pretty shoulders. The diamonds resting on her neck (Olive Canterbury's diamonds by good right) glittered in their marvellous brightness.

"Do you want me to die of ennui, Thomas? I should if I went there."

"You did not die of it when you lived there in the days gone by."

"But I had not then tried a London life. It is dull for me there, Thomas. You cannot say otherwise; and the Major never stays there with me. The last time I went there, if he came down for a couple of days, he was all restlessness until he got off again. He has his pursuits here, his brother officers and that, and cannot bear to tear himself away from them. In July, or August at the latest, I shall go with little Tom to one of the quiet German baths for two months. It will set us both up."

"Tom is not very strong," he remarked.

"He was as strong and healthy a little fellow born as could be, but he has ailed somewhat lately. They say his chest is weak."

"I know what I should say—if you will allow me, Caroline."

"Say on," she laughingly rejoined.

"That it is the confinement in London that disagrees with him. For the first three or four years of the child's life he was kept chiefly in the healthy country air, and then you transplanted him to this close town. Suppose you treated a plant so. It would soon droop, if not die."

Mrs. Dawkes grew grave. The argument struck her.

"There is really nothing amiss with the child, Thomas; except that he has lately looked delicate."

"But he should look hardy, and not delicate. I say, Caroline, that he requires country air. And so do you."

"He has a wonderful affinity with me, that child," exclaimed Caroline fondly. "If I droop, he seems to droop. You come to see him oftener than you do me, sir."

"Is it my fault if you lie in bed of a morning?" asked Mr. Kage in a laughing tone. "In going to the Temple I sometimes walk round here. It is the most convenient time for me and for Tom. 'Mamma's not up,' he always says."

The soft strains of a band in another apartment rose on their ear. Caroline passed her arm within her cousin's.

"You will go through a quadrille with me, Thomas?" she whispered.

And Mr. Kage heard it with intense surprise.

"A quadrille! I! Why, do you know how long it is since I danced one?"

"How long is it?"

"So long that I cannot recollect. Yes, I do. The last time I danced a quadrille was that long bygone year when I was staying with my mother at Little Bay. I danced it with you, Caroline."

Their eyes met, quite unintentionally on either side; and for a brief moment the sweet fantasy of that departed time was recalled to either heart.

"I have never danced one since," said Mr. Kage.

"But you will this evening?"

"I do not think you ought to dance at all. You give yourself too much fatigue without that."

"It will be good, and have but this one, if you will dance it with me. There; that's a promise."

"Really, Caroline, I do not remember the figures."

She gently drew him on, and he stood up with her. Two or three very young men, embryo barristers, put up their glasses when they saw him, and laughed with each other. There was nothing to laugh at, either in him or his dancing; but they had never seen the sight before.

Later, when looking about for Major Dawkes, in the rooms and out of them, and unable to find him, Judith appeared in view, coming down the stairs.

"I never see such a child," she exclaimed to Mr. Kage, between whom and herself there was much confidence on the score of her little charge. "Just look, sir"—indicating a bit of folded paper in her hand. "Because his mamma did not have him in to say good-night, he has been writing this to her, and made me bring it.—Oh, it's you, ma'am."

Mrs. Dawkes opened the paper, holding it so that Thomas Kage could see.

"My dearest mamma, I say good-night to you. You must come and kiss me when the people are gone. I shall lie awake looking at the angels. I have said my prayers."

"What does he mean by 'looking at the angels?'" questioned Mr. Kage of Caroline.

"Oh, he means that little toy that poor Belle Annesley gave him. He never goes to bed without it, does he, Judith?"

"Never, ma'am; there he is now, set up on end in his little bed, and the thing open before him."

"You ought to make him go to sleep, Judith."

"I should like to know how, ma'am," replied the girl respectfully; "he's a'most as fond of music as he is of his angels. There'll be no sleep for him till the tunes have shut up for the night."

"I will come to him before I go to bed," said Caroline, escaping to her guests.

But Mr. Kage thought he should like to see the boy then, and turned towards the stairs. It was a frightfully high house, this Belgravian mansion; the roof pretty nigh in the clouds. This floor was devoted to reception-rooms; on the next were the best bed-chambers; on the one above that slept Tom; and there were the cloud apartments yet, no end to them. The day and the night nursery opened one into the other; they were rather small, for on that landing were crowded several rooms.

Tom was sitting up in bed, the purple-silk curtain at its head drawn between his face and the door. Mrs. Dawkes was careful of her treasure, as though he were some rich toy, and surrounded him with comforts. He thought it was his nurse coming back.

"Did you get to see her, Judith?"

"Yes, and gave the document."

The answer was in Mr. Kage's voice, and the boy put aside the silk curtain with a joyful shout. Not a loud shout; he was never boisterous, as boys mostly are. His fair curls were brushed back; his white night-gown lay smooth on his shoulders; before him, on the counterpane, was the pretty toy given him by Belle.

"What do you mean by this line of conduct, young sir? Sitting up like this, when you should be fast asleep!"

Tom laughed.

"I am hearing the music!" he said.

"Do you make a point of listening to it always at these hours, when it may be going on?"

"Yes, always," said Tom stoutly; "I wish they'd play 'Here we suffer grief and pain!'"

"What may that be?" asked Mr. Kage.

"It's a song Fry taught me. Shall I sing a verse of it to you?"

There was a lull in the down-stairs music at the time; and the boy began, in his weak, gentle, but very sweet voice: a voice that would be worth hearing some day if he lived—

"Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven to part no more.
Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh, that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more."

The boy, who had clasped his hands as he sang, unclasped them, and looked up.

"You are a curious child," thought Mr. Kage.

"The other verse is about little children; but I don't know it quite yet. It begins, 'Little children will be there.' In heaven, you know."

Thomas Kage made no answer. He was gazing down, lost in thought, on the boy's delicate face. An idea came over him, almost like a prevision, that the lad would not live beyond the age of childhood. For a moment regret had full place.

"God knows best," he said, in his inward heart; and he laid his hand on the child's head, and kept it there.

"Where's Judith, Mr. Kage?"

The question recalled him to present things; and Judith's step was even then heard. Mr. Kage went down, intending to find Major Dawkes as he departed, and say the word he wished to say. But the Major seemed not easy to be found.

A short while before this, one of the servants had made his way quietly to his master, saying, in a whisper, that he was wanted below. The man, Richard by name, was attached more than any of the rest to his master's personal service, and knew pretty well about his embarrassments.

"Wanted at this hour!" exclaimed the Major, haughtily; "who is it?"

"It's Mr. Jessup, sir."

"Mr. Jessup! Did you admit him?"

"He admitted himself, sir. The front doors are open to-night."

"You are a fool, Richard," said the Major, wrathfully.

Mr. Jessup was the Major's principal lawyer. His coming at that late hour boded no good; and, good or ill, the Major resented the being disturbed. There were times for business, and times for pleasure. Richard had put him into the Major's study—the room with the pipes and pistols. Many an unpleasant interview had it been witness to lately; and Major Dawkes was beginning to abhor it.

Only one of the gas-lights was burning; and Mr. Jessup, a portly man with a flaxen wig, stood under it. Major Dawkes had just told his servant Richard he was a fool; Mr. Jessup, waiting for his audience, was thinking that, of all fools the world ever saw, his client Barnaby Dawkes was about the greatest.

Standing together, the conference was carried on in a low tone—almost a whisper; dangerous secrets cannot be discussed at a high pitch. A certain matter—or rather a suspicion of a certain matter—had got to Mr. Jessup's ears that evening, and he came down to the Major.

"Is it so, Major? You had better tell me."

The Major would a great deal rather not tell. He shuffled and equivocated, and finally subsided into silence. Mr. Jessup did not make a pretence of listening to him; he knew what he knew.

"No earthly thing can patch up this and avert exposure, save one, Major; and that is, money. You must get it—no light sum, either."

It was the lawyer's parting mandate. Major Dawkes, left alone, took a rapid survey of his situation, feeling something like a man desperate. Money he must have; it was true as heaven.

A sharp glance upwards, as the door opened; and an angry frown. He had thought it was the lawyer coming back again; but it was Mr. Kage. Richard had said where his master might be found.

"I will not disturb you for a minute, Major Dawkes. I have but a word or two to say. Are you giving it out that I am going to advance you some of Thomas Canterbury's money!"

"No!"

"Two or three applications have been made to me—from your creditors, I presume—asking whether it be true that I am about to accommodate Major Dawkes with funds from the estate to which I stand trustee. I could only think you had been spreading the report."

"I may have said that I wished you would do it," said the Major; "people jump to conclusions."

"I wish you would undeceive them, then. It gives them trouble, and me too."

"What was your answer, pray?"

"That they were under a misapprehension altogether; that I had neither the power nor the will to advance any money belonging to Thomas Canterbury."

Major Dawkes bit his lip.

"It would so oblige me, Kage—if you could be induced to do it. The money would be as safe as the Bank of England; I would give you security, and repay the whole within a year."

"You had my answer before, Major. I told you then, that I must decline discussion on the subject; pardon me, if I adhere to it. Could I allow even that, I should be scarcely a true trustee. Good-night."

"Good-night," was the Major's answer. "And I wish you were dead, I do!" he growled, as a parting blessing.

CHAPTER XXX.

AN OLD WARNING RECALLED.

Shrunken and wasted now. The fire had gone out for ever from the once fierce, gray eyes; the strong hands were feeble as a child's; but the will was vigorous yet, and the body strove to be. Mrs. Garston, with her all but ninety years, was better than are some at seventy.

She sat by the fire in her handsome chamber in a warm dressing-gown of quilted gray silk, her nightcap on her head. Towards evening she *would* get up, in spite of Dr. Tyndal—in spite of everybody. Her hands lay on her lap, her head was bowed forward—the old stiff uprightness could not be maintained now.

"It's time I was gone, Thomas. The silver cord's loosed, and the golden bowl's broken. A few more weary days and nights, and you'll put me in the grave."

In his sense of truth, in the strong opinion he held against attempting to deceive the dying with false hopes, Thomas Kage did not strive to refute her words. He sat near her, having called in, as was his custom, on coming home from the Temple.

"I should like to lie by your mother. We lived side by side in life; why not repose together in death? Mind about that, Thomas—but it is in the directions I've written. She was young enough to be my daughter, and she was called away years before me. Only a little while now before we shall be together."

The fire played on the fresh colors of the hearth-rug. Mrs. Garston liked bright things about her yet. Its flames flickered on the face that would never more be winsome.

"It seems a dark road at starting, Thomas—this setting out for the journey of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Once the gates passed through, it will be light eternal. A many have gone through it before me; a many have got to come after."

Something in the words struck oddly on Thomas Kage's heart. He bent forward, speaking in a whisper.

"You do not fear the passage?"

"Me! Fear it? I hope not, child. God help my ingratitude if I did! He'd have given me my patriarch's years in vain. I am setting out for the golden city, Thomas; and I don't care how soon I'm there."

She held up one of her hands. He drew his chair nearer, and sat clasping it.

"You've been like a son to me, Thomas. You were better than a son to your mother; and, mind, God's blessing will go with you always. I'm sure of that. You are another that need not fear the summons to the Valley; no, not though it came to you to-night."

Mr. Kage grew slightly uneasy. She had never talked in this way before. He thought there must be some hidden and perhaps unconscious cause for it—that the summons she spoke of might be already overshadowing the spirit.

A pause ensued—rather a long one; her eyes were turned to the fire in thought. When she began to speak again, it was of other things.

"I'd like you to move into this house, Thomas, remember. You can let your own."

"This house! it would be too large for me."

"Not it. When a man marries, and gets a family about him, he wants plenty of room. Don't you forget that I wish you to come to it. You'd hardly bring Millicent Canterbury home to the next door if you could bring her here. She'd go with you to a hovel; that's my opinion; but she may like elbow-room for all that, when there's no reason why she shouldn't have it."

Not a word said Thomas Kage in refutation. That Millicent Canterbury would be his wife some time—certainly his wife if he married at all—he had grown to think very probable. While his prospects were unassured he would not marry, in spite of Mrs. Garston's sharp orders to do so; but he was getting on well now.

"You'll walk up together, once in a way, on a summer's evening, you and your wife, Thomas, to take a look at my grave. So will Charlotte. Mind you keep it in good order; but I know you will, because you so keep your mother's.—What's the news?"

The transition was sudden. Thomas Kage, smiling slightly, said he knew of none in particular.

"Heard anything about Barby Dawkes."

"No. Is there any to hear?"

"That's what I asked *you*," said Mrs. Garston, with a touch of her old retort; "I fancied there might be; that's all. Barby's in a mess again, Thomas; a deep one, too."

Mr. Kage thought this more than probable; indeed he as good as knew it. It was but the day after the one spoken of in the last chapter, when he had been at the reception in the Major's house.

"Keziah called this afternoon. They told her I was in bed, not well enough to see any one, and asleep too. She said she must see me, and waited. So when my tea came in, she came with it, for I had but then awoke. What do you think she wanted, Thomas?"

Money, he supposed, but did not say so. He slightly shook his head.

"She had got a face, Thomas; but Keziah always had when it was to serve Barby. You'd not believe it unless I told you with my own tongue—she wanted me to alter my will in Barby's favor! Something's up with him, Thomas: as true as we are here, something's up. What he has been getting into now, she wouldn't say; I asked her; but it's something bad. She prayed for money for him by gift or by will, as if she was praying for her life; and her voice and hands shook like leaves in the wind."

"I conclude he must be in debt again," observed Thomas Kage.

"Debt, of course, and pretty deep. It's not a little thing would move Keziah. I did feel a bit sorry for her."

"Major Dawkes should fight his own battles; not trouble his sister."

"Major Dawkes knows he'd not dare to put his foot inside my door with any such petition," sharply returned the old lady. "I've kept him at my stick's length, I can tell you, since that matter of little Belle Annesley. She's better off in Heaven, poor child, than she'd have been with *him*."

She sat silent a minute, thinking perhaps of the past, and the girl's blighted life. Mr. Kage did not interrupt. He would have preferred to hear no more of Major Dawkes and Keziah's petitions. Mrs. Garston began to nod her head.

"Yes, she had a face—to come asking for money for Barby. He has had the fingering of an income half-a-dozen times as heavy as mine; and hasn't made it do, it seems! 'What did I say to you, Keziah?' I asked her—'that if Barby had one hundred thousand a year, he'd want two.' And so he would, Thomas. 'He is in *great* need, aunt Garston,' cried Keziah—and upon my word, her lips seemed to be turning blue as she said it—'he may have to fly the country if he does not get it!' 'And the sooner he flies it, the better for them that remain, Keziah,' I answered: 'if Barby had been sent out of it years ago at the Queen's cost, he'd only have got what he deserved.' And so he would, Thomas. 'Would you save him from such a fate as that now, aunt Garston?' says she to me. 'No, I would not,' I told her. And so she got my answer, and went away—it's not above an hour ago. But, Thomas, you take my word for it—that bad man is in for it, shoulder deep. To help him would be a great mistake, next door to a sin; he goes through the world, scattering ill both sides his path; and if he gets stopped, so much the better."

What she said was true enough. Money would never help Barnaby Dawkes—never do him any real good. The more he got, the more he would need to get.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A beggar in England carries a physician's certificate, which, when deciphered, is found to testify that the bearer is afflicted with "hypocrisy and laziness."

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER

Uncle Caleb, and Ruth his wife,
Caring little for outside weather,
Fifty years of their wedded life
Spent in this tiny house together.

Mossy the roof and gray the wall,
Narrow the window, low the door;
But love's own sunlight hallowed it all,
From rafted ceiling to sanded floor.

Silent to-day; but silver sweet
Voices of children long ago,
Keeping time to their restless feet,
Followed the mother to and fro.

Scattered afar from East to West,
Seeking their fortunes far and wide;
No one stays in the olden nest,
Where such beautiful memories hide.

Stranger-feet on the time-worn stair
Wake the echoes of other days!
Stranger-voices are lifted where
Caleb once "turned the tune" of praise.

Caring naught for the desolate pain
Of the wind in the pine-tree tops,
Caring naught for the grieving rain
That so sadly over them drops;

Heeding as little the sunbeam's kiss,
Falling sweet from the summer sky,
In a narrower house than this
Caleb and Ruth together lie.

Up where the many mansions wait,
Is there, I wonder, a cottage small—
Not too stately its pearly gate,
Not too shining its golden wall—

Where these two may in peace abide?—
Heaven were none if these must part—
Caleb away from her gentle side,
Ruth afar from his faithful heart!

Hand in hand from morning to night
Travelled these two the long earth day;
Surely they walk through the fields of light,
Hand in hand on the shining way.

Blessed love of husband and wife,
Love that lasted through cares and fears,
Filling this place with the chrism of life,
Peace unclouded for fifty years.

THE BURIAL PLACE OF MILTON.

In the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, were buried Speed, the historian, John Foxe, author of the celebrated "Book of Martyrs," and the great poet, John Milton, author of "Paradise Lost."

The entry of the latter's burial is "John Milton, Gentleman. Buried Nov. 12th, 1674. Consumption. Chancel." The exact site of his grave is probably unknown; but the spot to which the traditions of the parish point is now covered with pews. A bust of Milton, by Banks, was affixed to a column in the central aisle, by Mr. Samuel Whitbread, about 1793. This has been removed to the rich memorial monument in the south aisle, erected by public subscription, in 1862. Here is a fact for a cynic; the greatest epic poet of England was buried in Cripplegate church, 1674; and, one hundred and eighty years after, Milton's countrymen erect a monument near his grave! However, the fact has also its pleasant side: a late repentance is better than none; and Cripplegate may rejoice that she has the monument at last. Is a church always the trustworthy guardian of the dead buried within its walls? "Undoubtedly," many will say; "once let the gravestone be placed, and the long repose shall not be broken, until the mysterious trumpet of the judgment shall call forth the sleeping ones to the light of an endless day."

Such may be the true answer in many cases; but what do men say about the grave of Milton? That on August 4th, 1790, the grave was opened by the churchwardens, a corroded leaden coffin, without plate or inscription, was cut through, and, the air entering, much of the body fell to dust. Report also says that reckless hands were allowed to take away some of the teeth, and cut off portions of the long hair; and there was even a rumor that the skull had been abstracted for a museum. Those who believe that the body thus shamefully disturbed was that of Milton, might be reasonably indignant; but skepticism utters the consoling whisper, that the wrong grave had been opened, and that the poet still rests in an undisturbed grave.

It further adds to the interest with which we regard this church, that within its walls Oliver Cromwell and Elizabeth Bourchier were married, on August 23d, 1620. Thus St. Giles's, Cripplegate, is associated with the names of four historical men—Speed, the preserver of many an ancient memorial; Foxe, the vivid painter of martyrs' triumphant agonies; Cromwell, the sagacious, daring, and inflexible ruler of men; and Milton, who drew aside the veil of the invisible, opening to the human gaze the mysterious struggles of angelic worlds. The last name alone would crown any structure with glory. If Florence, after the lapse of above five centuries, honors with grand celebrations the memory of Dante, Englishmen should not forget the church where their greatest epic poet sleeps. When a nation forgets her illustrious dead, the shadows of decay are falling upon her.

A FAMILY-FAILING.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," "BETWEEN TWO," &C.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by E. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

XXXVII.

ANDREW SPEAKS TWICE.

Aunt Julia looked so very pale to-day, that I thought she must be *ill*; but it seemed that she was up all night with Bromer, who was quite delirious.

"Why didn't you let one of the servants sit up with her?" I asked.

"She was so very violent, that it frightened them."

"*You* must not do it again. Send for a professional nurse. I never have seen you as nervous, before."

"I am almost tempted to believe in ghosts," was her response to this expression of anxiety on my part.

"To believe in ghosts! Have you seen Ru—"

"I have seen—Ferd."

"Ferd!"

"I was going to the housekeeper's room, to get some jelly for mixing Bromer's powders—for I didn't wish any of the girls stumbling around there with a candle—and as I went down that long passage, I saw some one coming to meet me—a man! I thought it was one of the servants, and observed how noiselessly he walked when he passed me, and I saw it was Ferd. He had something in his hand, and passed me without looking at me. I was so terrified that I almost dropped my candle; and when he was gone by, did not dare to look around for some minutes."

"And when you did look?"

"He was gone. There, now! I have frightened you!"

"I am in a chronic state of alarm. I am so frightened all the time, that nothing can frighten me any more."

"I shouldn't have told you this—but I felt as if I could not keep it to myself."

"Since all I can give you in return for your care and kindness is my sympathy, I don't grudge you that, dear."

"But—" began Aunt Julia. Then she stopped, kissed me, and looked anxiously into my face.

"Don't worry about me, Aunt Julia. Since I have heard that Cecil is *alive*—" I ignominiously concluded my sentence by a shower of tears.

"*You* are nervous, as well as auntie, it seems! Put on your thickest boots, and some warm wraps, and walk half an hour in the garden; I think you don't exercise sufficiently."

I obeyed her.

It was a bright morning. No snow as yet; the air crisp and fresh; and the hawthorn thick with scarlet berries. I pulled a spray, and with it looped back my fallen curls—for I wore neither hood nor hat, delighting to feel the air play through my loosened hair, I felt more in tune with Nature, as I walked, and hummed a melody that had in it some of the sparkle and freshness of the atmosphere; and as I turned down an alley of evergreens, I sang the last verse aloud.

Blow fresh and clear,
Wind of the dying year,
Our deeds, like dead leaves, strew the trodden path;
Scatter the treasured gold,
Those dark with earthly mould,
Those red with guilt, and black with stains of wrath—
Make fresh and clean the way that must be trod,
For the white snow of God.

As I sang, Ruth came down the alley towards me. There was something of her old, lithe grace in her walk this morning; she seemed less stately, less commanding; she was paler, too—and the full, red lips were set more straightly. Something in her aspect seemed to threaten battle; what, I could not tell; and, as she neared me, I saw the yellow light in her eyes, and a certain defiant curve of the full throat, that belonged to it when it was long and slender. I finished my stanza, and then said—

"Good-morning, Ruth."

"Good-morning. You seem religiously inclined, this morning."

"Do you ever?"

"When I do, I read my Bible. I read it this morning."

"I am so glad."

"I read in the Commandments—'Thou shalt do no murder.'"

"And that decided you, I hope, never to say any disagreeable things; since Malice is a twentieth cousin of Murder."

This seemed to confuse her for an instant, and then she said—

"I sat there thinking about it, and wondering if it were obligatory upon a person who knew of a crime that was unknown to the rest of the world, to expose the criminal. Suppose—I said to myself—that the criminal has a wife, and, leaving her, she mourns him as a good man should be mourned by an affectionate wife, and looks for his return; when, perhaps, the sense of his crime has driven him away forever. Would it be true mercy to let her look and long for him, and sicken day by day—or tell her what he is, and make this wound the healing of the other?"

While she was speaking, a dreadful premonition crept into my heart; but I fought it down; and when she said—

"If you were the wife, which would you think to be the *real* kindness?"

I answered—

"I can't fancy myself in such a position. Perhaps I might, if I didn't know where Cecil is, and that you are jealous of Morty."

How her face flamed at that!

"You know where he is! Has he written to you?"

How I wanted to say yes!—but I answered—

"No."

"I thought not. He needn't fear *me*, however; and Andrew—Andrew will be silent, for the sake of the family."

"I should think *you* might do that."

"You don't know? No—you *can't* know."

"How nice it is to have some one tell me what I know, and what I don't know."

"You never *did* believe me—and yet I think you should be told; for I do not think he ever intends to come back."

"Has he written to tell you so?"

"He has never written to me, since just before you left the Continent; and then—he didn't know that I was married." She raised her hand, and signalled with it to some one behind me.

I turned around, and saw Andrew coming down the walk. When he reached us, he took off his hat, and looked inquiringly at Ruth.

"You have a pretty good memory, haven't you, Andrew?"

"Pretty good, Miss Ru—Madam."

"Can you remember a certain masquerade on the Dark Pool, eight or nine years ago?"

Andrew looked at me, and grew scarlet. (Why was it that, when he grew so red, I felt myself grow deadly pale?)

"Yes, madam."

"There was trouble of some sort, during the skating—a woman screamed, and you ran to the spot, with a lantern?"

"Yes, madam."

"Two men had been struggling—the ice was broken—one had disappeared, and the other fled, as you came up?"

"Yes, madam."

"The one who ran was unmasked. You saw his face?"

"I did, madam."

"Who was it?"

"A perfect stranger, madam."

Ruth stood for a minute silent, and glaring at him. At last she said—

"You told me then it was Cecil Carmand."

"I was in love with you then, Miss Ruth, and—I—*lied*, madam."

"*In love with me!* Was I a *chambermaid*, fellow?" And Ruth turned and walked away, leaving me alone with Andrew.

I stood there, utterly overwhelmed. I had come to this conclusion. While questioning Andrew, Ruth believed this to be so. She had anticipated his answer, and he had disappointed her. He *had told her that* once, and now—*was it now, or then, that he had told the truth?*

I went up to him and put my hand on his arm. He hung his head, and half-turned away from me, then stood still, keeping and looking a dogged silence.

"Andrew—" I began, and then stopped.

"Andrew—"

"Shan't I help you into the house, my lady? You don't look well."

"Not until you have told me the *truth*."

"It is told, my lady."

"It *was* told *at that time*, Andrew."

"My lady—"

"It is a dreadful thing to tell a wife, Andrew, but—is—it—true?"

"I saw a stranger, my lady."

"Andrew—oh! my God!—you did *not*."

"My lady, your ladyship—"

"Forget that I am a lady. Tell me, as an honest man speaking to an honest woman, did you tell Miss Ruth the truth? *Remember, God hears you.*"

"My lady—Miss Percy—"

"It *is* true! Just bow your head, Andrew."

He bent his head, and then I—no, I didn't faint, I turned around, put my two hands to my head, and ran towards the house like a mad woman.

When I rushed into the house the first person whom I saw was Morty, who had just come in, and was drawing off his gloves in the hall. The wild fashion of my entrance surprised and startled him, for he paused, with the hand from which the remaining glove had only been half-drawn off extended, the glove dangling from the tips of his fingers, and looking as if his hand had been absurdly lengthened, inclining me to laugh hysterically, even in the midst of my agony. Morty smiled himself, withdrew the glove, and stood aside to allow me to precede him into the room. I passed through the door, and by the servant who held it open with as calm an air as I could assume, and seated myself as soon as possible, for I felt all my strength failing me.

"You really startled me when you came in just now," said Morty. "You looked so wild that I was afraid something dreadful had happened."

"Something dreadful *has* happened."

Although I did not look up I felt that Morty was regarding me with amazement. Certainly, my tone and manner were the very reverse of what would have been expected from any one who had heard evil news. But I was stunned, and I spoke and felt as if in a dream. I did not for an instant think of keeping what I had heard secret from Morty should he question me. I knew I should have his sympathy, his pity, and his advice, and, if Cecil did not come back, the whole world would soon know the reason why. The thought roused me. I started from my seat, and began to pace the room.

Morty came to me, slipped his hand under my arm, and walked beside me. He did not speak, but I knew he was giving me that silent sympathy that is better than words.

"Eleanor," he said at last, "is—is it anything about Cecil?"

I moaned and hung my head. I felt now as if I could *not* tell him.

"He is not—"

"Dead! No. I wish he were."

"Oh! my dear!"

"Is not a natural death better than—than—hanging?"

"Eleanor!" He evidently thought me mad.

"Do you know what he—what my husband has done? He has killed a man."

"*Killed a man!*"

"At least that is all they know of now. He may have killed twenty. There has been time in eight years."

"You are very much excited. Hadn't Aunt Julia better—"

"No. 'I am not mad, but soon may be,'" I said, and then laughed at the terrible travesty, a laugh that rang out peal after peal beyond my control, carrying all my life with it, it seemed, as I shuddered, trembled, and clung to Morty with both hands—so firmly, that he could not break from me. At last I stopped utterly exhausted, and Morty carried me to a couch, but still I clung to him, although unable to speak. He tried to loosen my hands, and then I managed to speak slowly, very slowly, I felt so very weak.

"Don't—call—any—one—I wish—to—tell—you."

He sat down by me patiently, drew my head to his shoulder, and smoothed the hair gently from my forehead. "What is it?" he said.

"It was Rupert—who—was—drowned. I have always felt—sure—of—it. Miss Cray—liked—him, and he—hated him."

"He! Who?"

"My—my—Cecil. He drowned—him—that night—of the—masquerade."

"Drowned *Rupert?*"

"Yes."

"Who told you so?"

"Ruth. I wouldn't believe *her*, but—I—did Andrew."

"Ruth told you that Rupert was drowned, and Cecil did it?"

"Yes."

"My God!"

"God is still left. Oh! I had forgotten Him! He will help me to bear this."

"But you said something about Andrew?"

"I would not believe her, so she called Andrew, who—who saw the murderer run away. He would not tell *her* who it was, but he told *me* when I insisted."

"He told you it was Cecil Carmand?"

"Yes. He told me it was my husband."

Morty put my head from his shoulder and got up.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Justice." He crossed the room—we were in the Blue Room—and went into the chamber opening from it, the one in which the child Persephone had combed Mrs. Rupell's hair, and shut the door behind him. Why did he do it? What was his intention? I sprang up to follow him, when the door opened again and Rupert came out, quickly approaching me. The face was Rupert's, but the dress and figure were those of Morty Mordark. No need of explanation. Rupert and Morty were one. I just gave one little cry and sprang into his arms. He was alive—my darling Rupert was alive—and *Cecil innocent!*

XXXVIII.

(*Narrative Supplied by the Editor.*)

SOMETHING ELSE HAPPENS.

When Ruth had left Lady Carrick, after Andrew's refusal to bear witness to her assertion, she was in anything but a Christian frame of mind. Frantic with jealousy of her husband, she had failed in wounding the woman whom she believed to be her rival in his affection, by denouncing the man who had once rejected her proffered hand. Rushing down the alley like a baffled tigress, she had involuntarily looked back as she reached its termination, had seen Lady Carrick's appeal to Andrew, and paused to watch its result. As plainly as if she had heard every word spoken, she knew that the fact was dragged piece by piece from the reluctant Andrew, and saw Lady Carrick put her hands to her temples and run towards the house. The train was fired, but she feared the result of the explosion. Was Morty there?—would she tell him? She crept around to the other side of the evergreens and saw her victim rush into the house. Then she stole around to the window, saw her come into the Blue Room with Morty, and seat herself with a composure that astonished her. She saw Morty speak to her, but could not hear what he said, the window being closed; but when Lady Carrick got up and paced the room, she trembled and grew hot and cold by turns, for she knew what was coming. In her blind rage she had not thought of this. She crouched and sickened as Morty listened to Eleanor, and she watched his face change and his color come and go. When he went into the chamber, she watched for him to come out in an agony of suspense. He came out—and then she knew that all her duplicity had been revealed. As she watched the cousins in each other's arms, clinging to each other with tears and kisses and broken words, she heard some one coming down the walk. She started, about to fly, but looking back over her shoulder, saw Cecil. Then she stopped and held out her hand, her eyes bright, her cheeks scarlet. He came up, took the hand, and was about to speak, when he glanced in at the window. His warm, soft hand was ice and marble in an instant, and he grasped her hand so savagely she would have cried out had it not been for fear of disturbing the tableau before them. He looked again and again, started and exclaimed, in a tone of mingled joy and incredulity, "It is—*Rupert!*"

"Yes."

"Thank God!"

"Ah! you are—*thankful!*"

"Why shouldn't I be? I am no murderer."

"No. Your *conscience's* clear."

He looked at her fixedly. "You *lied* to me."

"Yes—but it is a pity, isn't it? Wouldn't it have been better to have thought him dead, than to have found him alive, thus?"

"You may fancy the idea exciting, but I am not fond enough of excitement to enjoy that of supposing myself, even unintentionally, the cause of a man's death. Neither do I see any reason why own cousins should not kiss one another—I recollect that you and I did that."

"Own cousins by—marriage."

"Allow me to correct you. Eleanor is Robert Rupell's daughter; I made a pilgrimage of affection to my wife's birthplace, and gleaned a sufficient amount of information, coupled with undoubted proofs, to establish this fact."

"Allow me to congratulate you. Poor grandmamma! You *did* marry your *cousin*, in spite of her."

"Yes, Ruth; but I think if she were alive, she would forgive me even that, when she arrived at a knowledge of my complete change of feeling towards yourself."

"Pooh! I don't care for that. Strange as it may appear, I have long loved my husband better than my dupe."

"Not altogether your *dupe*. I knew enough of your fondness for the truth, never to be certain of Rupert's death. I thought you might have kept him somewhere in abeyance, to marry you if others failed you—good morning." And Ruth, knowing what she did know, with Eleanor and Rupert in each other's arms, burned upon the retina of her jealous eyes, with the knowledge of Cecil's cool contempt, managed to stand in an attitude of careless grace, smiling sweetly all the time, until he had disappeared.

Lord Carrick had told Ruth that first cousins had a right to be as affectionate as they pleased; but it did not follow that he was altogether delighted to find his wife in the arms of *her* first cousin, weeping over him those joyful tears which would be wept over the beloved dead could they come to life again, and I think that, after the first exclamation from Rupert, when Cecil came into the room, and he released his cousin, to hold out both hands to him, there was no other joyful cry—for had not Cecil been prepared to find Rupert?—and Eleanor had said nothing, but stood, breathless with delight, her two hands clasped together, and all her heart in her eyes.

"I had seen you through the window," said Cecil. "But where did you come from, and where have you been hidden all these years?"

Rupert laughed and bounded into the chamber from which he had just emerged, and came back Morty Mordark. He was absent just one minute, and, in that minute Cecil had turned towards Eleanor, but, before he could speak—if he had intended to speak—Rupert was back, and Cecil opened his eyes at this apparition. Rupert laughed gaily—"You never, any of you, suspected—and I might have remained Morty Mordark to the end of my days, had it not been for——" Here he stopped, and bit his lips. He had been about to expose his wife.

"For what?" asked Cecil.

"For—for Eleanor."

"Did she recognize you?"

"No; but Ruth——Andrew——"

"Ruth! Why, Ruth is your wife!"

"Ruth is my wife."

"Why have you hidden yourself under

that brown wig and beard and the name of Morty Mordark?"

"Because of that unfortunate night of the masquerade, when I—well, I didn't know what I was about, and I knocked a man into the water."

"Knocked a man into the water! That is just what I was told *I* did. And you are alive and well. Do you recollect doing anything of the kind?"

"I remember no circumstance of that accursed night; I only know that since then I have wandered as Cain did. And—and, *where is Ferd?*"

"Was it Ferd?"

"Yes."

"He had some trouble about that time, and I thought he had disappeared in consequence."

"Have you heard of him since?"

"Never."

"Then," said Rupert, hanging his head, "it was indeed he."

"I can't believe it;" said Cecil, going up to him and taking his hand. "I was deceived; why may not you have been deceived also? Did *she* tell you?"

"Never mind who told me. I must go back into Morty Mordark again, or answer to—What hast thou done with thy brother?"

"Come out as yourself, Rupert. I will stand by you. Let the world say what it will; you know you are no murderer."

"They will say that my flight, my silence, and my long disguise prove my guilt. They will say that accursed, bottomless pool holds the body. No, Rupert Rupell is of the past, Morty Mordark present and to be. Even if some should kindly believe my story, I could not endure the doubt of the many. And I would not wish to exculpate myself at the price of—of—" The opening door interrupted him, and Aunt Julia came in, all excitement. "What, Cecil! Morty, Bromer is raving, and has jumped out of her window, nobody knows when, and has gone nobody knows where. Somebody must take the men and go in search of her."

"I will go down to the Pool," said Cecil, "while you get the men, Rupert."

Aunt Julia opened her eyes at the word "Rupert," then went up to Eleanor, while the two young men rushed out of the room. "Didn't I tell you he would come? But how you tremble, child! and your cheeks are as red as fire! I'm afraid I startled you by coming in so abruptly. Hark! there she is!"

The two women went to the window. There, indeed, was Mrs. Bromer, in the black velvet robe that had excited Eleanor's astonishment, and she was rubbing her hands like Lady Macbeth, and saying, in a wild scream, "The stain is gone! the stain is gone!"

"What *has* she done?" said Aunt Julia, flying out of the room.

Several frightened women met her. "Annis is gone. They think, m'm, the Pool, m'm."

"She has drowned her! Where are all the men? Haven't you a head among you?"

"Indeed, m'm, his lordship have gone, and Mr. Mordark—and—"

Aunt Julia did not stop to hear any more, but ran out upon the terrace, from which she could look down towards the Dark Pool. She saw figures moving about in the leafless shrubbery, and presently saw one figure carrying another figure in its arms. Then there was a shout, and Morty came tearing up the slope. "She tried to drown her, but he's got her out. She's safe. Hurrah!" He put his hand to his head, as if to snatch off his hat, but no hat being there, something else was grasped and flung into the air. Aunt Julia gave a gasp and flew at him. She seized him, she held him tight and said, over and over again, "Rupert! Rupert! Rupert!"

"Of course it is—but don't say anything. I didn't think what I was about."

"Didn't think! Ah! ah! a—"

The figure bearing the other poor, limp figure had approached. "She is alive," said a voice under the big, flapping hat. "But 'twas a narrow chance. Where shall I carry her?"

"Up this way. Poor thing!" But as she raised one of the limp, hanging hands, Annis was dropped at her feet, and the man was standing staring at Rupert.

Rupert groaned. "Here is somebody who knows me!" he muttered.

"I should think I ought to, when I'm your own cousin."

"Not Ferd!" said Aunt Julia, whose eager ears caught the familiar voice.

"Nobody else." And the big, flapped hat went up three feet into the air, the wearer following it.

"Then I didn't drown you!" said Rupert.

"It was *I* who drowned *you*. Oh! isn't it jolly?"

"I—I can't believe it," said Rupert. "You look like him, but you may be an impostor."

"You think so? Here, Cecil, who am I?"

"Ferd," said Cecil, who had just come up.

"In the name of everything surprising—"

"You are just in time to prove my identity, my fine fellow. Now, Aunt Julia, kiss me forty times—loud and long."

"I won't kiss any one until Annis is carried into the house, and then I intend to faint away, for I never was so astonished in my life," said Aunt Julia.

XXXIX.

FERD'S STORY—AND CONSEQUENCES.

Aunt Julia did not faint away. She saw Annis attended to first, and then she went into the room where the three cousins were, "fell upon" Ferd's neck and kissed and "bedewed" him, afterward putting Rupert through a similar course of treatment. "Now, tell us all about it," she said, seating herself.

"It is rather a long story," said Ferd, "for I must begin with the night of the masquerade. Rupert and I were dressed alike, you remember. ('Oh!' interpolated Cecil.) That was to mislead people. I was skating away as jolly as possible, when I heard a feminine scream. I ran to the spot, being always gallant, you know? There I found a man and a woman; the woman was sobbing, and trying to get away from the man. I grappled with him—we struggled. He told me to let him go. I swore I would hold him until a light should be brought to show the world his rascally face. I am sorry to say that the family-failing got the upperhand of me; I grew furious, and was determined not to be baffled. As we were pitching in like everything, somebody came along with a lantern, and by its light I saw that I had been fighting Rupert. The next instant there was a crash, the water flew into my face. I sprang backward, releasing Rupert, and when I could see again, everybody on the Pool seemed to be bearing down upon us. I was afraid of a scandal of some kind, for the woman had fainted, and not wishing my name mixed up in it, I took to my heels. But I never thought of Rupert having met with any accident until I met—a mask, who told me that Rupert was drowned, and they were searching for me as his murderer. Rupert drowned! My dear old boy, I was mad with grief. I wanted to go and deliver myself up immediately, but she—the mask—said I must fly immediately, for—for the honor of the family, and—and I went. But, as time passed, you can't think how *hungry* I grew for a sight of—of some of you, and of the dear old place. I came back, heard that Cecil was married and settled here, and lingered around to get a glimpse of somebody, although it was torture to be near the Dark Pool. Still I came back, again and again to wander around it, until the lucky accident which was to *fling me into the bosom of my family*. And here goes," concluded Ferd, jumping up and giving Aunt Julia a hearty squeeze, with all the old, boyish effusion.

"Ferd, it wasn't me with whom you struggled on the ice," said Rupert.

"Not you?"

"I wasn't there. I went off in a pursuit of a gypsey the first part of the evening."

"It was I," said Cecil. "I found out what Rupert intended to wear, and had a similar costume prepared for myself. I—I wished Miss Cray to take me for Rupert."

Ferd whistled. "Well, how did you get out?" he asked.

"I didn't get in. When you had let me go, I felt the ice sinking under me, and jumped to one side, as you did, alighting on the solid ice. Then *I* ran, for the same reason that *you* ran."

"And you thought me drowned?"

"I thought you were Rupert, and, oddly enough, Rupert—"

Rupert looked up quickly, and Cecil paused, then walked away to a distant window, put his hands in his pockets and whistled softly. Rupert looked very pale when he turned to Ferd, and said in a low voice, "Ferd, was it *Ruth* who advised you to run away?"

"Yes, it was Ruth. She asked me to go *for her sake*, and I went. Now, where is she, Rupert? *Cecil* didn't get her. I have seen his pale, pretty wife, so unlike my sparkling Ruth. I had a letter from her just before I came here, but it had a strange post-mark."

Rupert's forehead contracted. "She lives in this neighborhood," he said.

"In this neighborhood, and I haven't seen her! It is near?"

"Very near," Rupert replied, looking gloomily into Ferd's eager, glowing face. "I suppose she has told you that she is married?"

"*Married!* I don't believe it." Ferd's face was gray now, and he had seized Rupert's arm in the energy of his unbelief, and was squeezing it painfully.

"It is true, for I am her husband. Do you envy me? God knows no one need do that!"

He had released Rupert's arm and withdrawn a step. He now took a letter from his pocket, tore off the envelope, opened it, and held it under Rupert's eyes, which glanced over the coquettish opening, the half-tender, half-jesting paragraphs and the signature, "Your own Ruthy."

Rupert said—"She has been my wife for three months," and dropped the letter. As it fell on the floor, Ferd set his heel upon it and ground it through, then turned and left the room. Rupert stooped, picked it up and laid it on the grate, then went to the window and stood there with folded arms, looking out upon the falling snow.

"Not all that could whiten her," he thought, looking up at the spreading veil of downy flakes. And Cecil, hearing him sigh, and seeing that his eyes were wet, took up his hat, and went softly out at one door, as Aunt Julia slid out at the other.

Rupert was still standing at the window, his looks as intent as if he had been counting the falling flakes, when a soft hand slid into his. He looked around, with a start, into the blue eyes of Eleanor, which were raised to his.

"Aunt Julia sent me," she said, apologetically. "She thought you unhappy, and that I might, perhaps, comfort you."

Rupert's fingers closed on the small, nerveless hand.

"You *do* comfort me," he said. "And I *need* comfort—for my sorrow is great, Eleanor."

"*My* sorrow is even greater than yours. It is for you to forgive; it is for me to be forgiven."

"Dear Eleanor, hasn't he—"

"He hasn't even spoken to me since his return; and I so longed, so prayed just to see him again, thinking I should ask for nothing more. But this does not content me."

"I am sure it has been inadvertence on his part. My throwing off my incognito, Ferd's sudden appearance—"

"If he had loved me, he would have seen no one but me, at first. No, Rupert, you are all the one left to me. You will love me a little, won't you?"

"I will love you a great deal," responded Rupert, warmly, taking the poor, drooping child in his arms. "Do you remember, Percy, how we sat by the sea, my head on your lap?"

"Oh! don't I! How happy I was then! And how I did love you, Rupert! I was regularly '*in love*' with you."

"And I thought you the most charming little sea-maid."

"And the poem you recited to me, Rupert! Jean Ingelow's. I have read it all, since then. And now, the last part applies to me. Do you remember?

"'She reigns upon her dusky throne,
Mid shades of heroes, dread to see;
Among the dead she breathes alone,
Persephone, Persephone.
Or, seated on the Elysian hill,
She dreams of earthly daylight still,
And murmurs of the daffodil.'

Rupert, your hair is subdued daffodil-color."

"Listen to this, Persephone," said Rupert, and he went on in a lone tone—

"'When in her destined course, the moon
Meets the deep shadow of this world,
And laboring on doth seem to swoon
Through awful wastes of dimness whirled—
Emerged at length, no trace hath she
Of that dark hour of destiny,
Still silvery sweet—Persephone.

The greater world may near the less,
And draw it through her weltering shade,
But not one biding trace impress
Of all the darkness that she made;
The greater soul that draweth thee,
Hath left his shadow plain to see
On thy fair face, Persephone!

Demeter sighs, but sure 'tis well
The wife should love her destiny;
Why part—and yet, as legends tell,
She mourns her lost Persephone;
While chant the maids of Enna, still—
"Oh fateful flower beside the rill—
The daffodil, the daffodil!"'"

And Cecil walking by the window saw this pretty tableau.

"I must leave you now, Eleanor. I must go—home," said Rupert.

And Eleanor, looking up at him, saw him grow even more pallid as she gazed; while his lips set themselves in a severe and immobile line.

"Rupert, be merciful to her," she half whispered. "I know, now, how a wife feels her husband's alienation."

"I shall be *just*," said Rupert, coldly, withdrawing himself from the hand that Eleanor's earnestness had laid upon his arm.

"Don't confound me with Ruth, then," said Eleanor, with a flash of her old spirit.

"You! *You* are honesty itself."

"But you withdrew from me, when I spoke of Ruth."

"Forgive me. I shrunk because you touched my wound."

"Dear Rupert! Oh! I hope it will all be right!"

"I hope so."

"Bring Ruth to see me soon."

Rupert smile as he turned away. Eleanor could not fathom that smile.

Ruth stood at the door, momently expecting Rupert. He did not know that she knew that all her duplicity had been laid bare to him, so she adopted no attitude of defiance; but she had put on a black velvet sacque, edged with ermine, over her dark dress, and over this her bright hair rolled its clusters; and above it, her white, round throat arched itself; her cheeks bloomed, and her eyes shone. She had made herself look as lovely as she could, and that was the armor she had assumed. She saw him coming up the walk, and stood, with lightly-folded hands, and upraised eyes, watching the falling snow, some flakes of which had drifted over her velvet-covered shoulders, and bright, uncovered head. Her cheeks deepened their scarlet, her eyes flamed with excitement, and she grew more beautiful every instant. Rupert having laid aside his disguise for the first time in public, she must make some mention of that, not being supposed to have been prepared for it; so she widened her eyes when she allowed herself to see him, gently clapped her white hands, and said—

"Then you have told them? I am so glad!"

"Ferd has come back, so disguise is no longer necessary."

She was *not* prepared for this. Then, *everything* was known? *All* her moral deformity had been shown at once! Rupert's look and tone convinced her of this; and, after one death-like sensation of utter despair, she braced herself, both physically and mentally.

"Ferd wished to know where you were. Your last letter had a strange post-mark."

"Did you tell him?"

"Yes. And I told him that you are married; a fact with which you had not seen fit to acquaint him."

"How did he receive it?" The question sprang from her lips, almost in spite of herself. And when she saw Rupert's look of disgust, she wished she had said nothing. But then she was desperate.

"The knowledge that came to him at the same time, dulled the sting."

"A species of mental Radway's—Ready—Relief?"

"Yes. He is not your husband."

"He might have been."

"If it were not for his sake, I could wish it were so."

"I am glad you are willing to sacrifice yourself for others."

"I am not a *willing* sacrifice, Ruth."

"I cannot help myself, or you."

"Oh! Ruth, your web was cunningly woven!"

"'Oh! what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!'"

quoted Ruth.

"That is the poetry; here is the prose," said Rupert. "You loved Cecil—*honestly*, I believe. Yes, for once in your life, you were honest. He did not love you. You were quite in despair, when this lucky accident occurred. You know that the three of us wore the Pirate's dress. You enticed me from the Pool in pursuit of a flying Gypsey; you slipped back to watch Cecil, came up in time to witness the encounter, recognized the combatants, saw the result, and then hurried after me; when you knew that my head was full of champagne, and that it had precipitated me into some scuffle among the masqueraders. I was to be gotten rid of—that Cecil might fancy himself unwittingly my murderer—and so be placed in your power. You told me that Ferd was my victim—that I was, unconsciously, a murderer—and urged my flight. I was out of the way, now Ferd must be disposed of. You found Ferd, told him that I had been drowned in the scuffle, and that he was being sought for as a murderer; for *your* sake, he must fly. We were both of us willing to do *anything* for *your* sake; so we exiled ourselves, for your convenience; and, for eight of the best years of our lives, were expatriated for the love of one worthless woman, a Brinvilliers—one who deals in poison for the minds and happiness of others. Well, Cecil was in your power, but you could not make him marry you. Who *would* wish to marry you that had had even a glimpse of your real self?—and when he escaped you and married, you determined not to be held to have been 'disappointed' in any one's opinion, resolved to send for one of your two slaves, and let him play the role of your master. To my blond complexion I suppose I owe the misfortune of having been your choice and my own loathing."

I think that Ruth's sensations, while listening to this recital of her hidden plans, must have resembled in a degree those of a lost soul at the Last Judgment. She had stood apparently unmoved while he was speaking. She had not paled, neither had the lustre faded from her eyes, and now she spoke in her habitually sweet, low tones—"I have done all this. It is as you have said, word for word; but it would never have been revealed had I not learned to love you so as to be almost *mad* with jealousy."

"*You* love *me?*—to be sure Cecil is not a widower. If he were, by heaven, I should not consider my *life safe*." He turned away.

"Rupert!" The cry was one of real agony. He heard a rush behind him, felt his coat grasped, and Ruth was on her knees, then trailed along the ground at his feet, clasping his feet, kissing them in an anguish of self-abasement, her hair and all her garments sweeping the snow from the stone of the walk.

"Get up. This is no stage, and I am an old auditor on whom all 'dramatic situations' are wasted. You should 'hold the mirror up to nature' if you would move me."

No reply, but sobs and a gush of tears.

"Madam, you are detaining me, and taking cold yourself. Your beautiful eyes will be red, your sweet voice husky. You cannot be as effective as usual."

She dragged herself up from the ground, and reached his hands, to which she clung, looking silently up into his face through a rain of tears.

"This is absurd! I am not wishing to paint a Magdalen."

"Rupert, I am *your wife!*"

"So much the worse for you. If you were free you could deceive some one else."

"I love you! I *love* you!"

"Did you ever tell the truth in your life?"

"Rupert, I am proud, very, very proud. If I did not love you I could not endure this humiliation, this contumely."

"I know that you have no money of your own. It would be inconvenient to be deprived of the purse that supplies you? The *purse* is still yours, even if you release the hand that gives it."

"Rupert, I forgive even that."

"You are very condescending. A wife, whose husband lives apart from her, loses in consequence? Well, the world shall not be aware of our separation. No one knows that is the case with Cecil and Eleanor. We can keep them in the same ignorance."

"And it is very convenient to have a wife who is but so in name, and must not cavil at her husband's actions," said Ruth, releasing Rupert and rising to her feet suddenly. "The world, ignorant of his alienation from his own wife, will not suspect him friendship for the wife of his neighbor."

"Hush! not a word against Eleanor. Her pure name is not to be spoken by such lying lips, or she will be obliged to change it."

"She might take yours. If Cecil were to die there would be no obstacle, for I—feel—that—I—"

She tottered, the color went out of her cheeks, her eyes closed, and she would have fallen to the ground had not Rupert caught her. He carried her into the house, laid her on a couch, rang the bell for her maid, and left the room and the house.

XL.

FERD MAKES A CALL.

"I think it's a dreadful state of affairs," said Aunt Julia. "Here's Cecil—goes off, nobody knows where, stays, nobody knows how long, comes home, nobody knows when, stays over night, then off the next morning, and nobody knows when he'll come back again."

"He had to see grandmamma's solicitor to make arrangements for the division of the property."

"I know that. But why doesn't he come home, now that he has seen the solicitor, instead of visiting at Lord This's and Lady That's? It's almost Christmas, and every married man should spend his Christmas at home. Married men seem to have queer ideas of their responsibilities in our days. What is Rupert spending all his time here for?"

"He is painting Eleanor's picture."

"I never knew a picture so long in the painting. And there Ruth is looking as pale as a ghost. I went to see her yesterday, and she had tears in her eyes all the time I was there. Where's Rupert? I asked. Rupert is busy, she said. Pretty business!—painting a sea-nymph while his wife is going around with a face like chalk! He'd better color her cheeks a little."

"Does Ruth seem to suffer so much?"

"Suffer! Of course she does. One doesn't like to see one's husband spending *all* his time with another woman. At least they didn't in *my* day. Why don't *you* go to see her, Ferd? It might cheer her up a little."

"*I*—go—to see—Ruth?"

"And why not? You are cousins. If I were you I'd play the same game as Rupert. It would do him good."

Ferd colored, and hung his head. He had not seen Ruth since he had parted with her that night of the masquerade. The memory of all she had made him suffer yet rankled, the dissipation of all his youthful illusions, the falseness of his first love had made his heart very sore. He had thought he would as soon have sought a tigress which had mangled him as the beautiful, false woman who had sacrificed him to her selfish plans. But Ruth, suffering, was a different being from Ruth, triumphant. As she had wounded *his* heart, her heart was wounded. As she had embittered his past, another had embittered her future. Poor Ruth! It is our duty to forgive every one. He would forgive her, and, to prove his forgiveness, would visit her in her affliction. He blushed again as he went to his chamber to brush his hair and retie his cravat. Time had improved him; he was conscious of that. The boyish figure had grown broad in the shoulders, and full in the chest. The dark, sparkling eyes, and thick, curling hair were the same, but the mouth and chin had gained decision, the expression of the whole face was become manly, without losing any of its openness.

Ferd arranged his hair and his cravat to his satisfaction—wished he had cultivated a moustache as he took a parting look at himself, and then ran gayly down the stairs, whistling a lively air. "How finely it makes a fellow feel to be about to do a kind action!" But if Ruth had been a plain young woman, and an object of former dislike? Is any one *ever totally* disinterested?

The crisp snow lay sparkling before him, powdering the evergreens, mantling the melancholy larches, clinging in fantastic shapes to the clumps of shrubbery, heaping itself upon the long line of the hedges. The sky was of the bluest, the air of the freshest—and the sun shone as it shines when one is only ten years old. The latticed-gate, bare of its clinging vines, opened easily—and before him stretched the neat walk, bordered by shining holly, along which ran, in a straight line, impressed on the new-fallen snow, the mark of Rupert's feet, turned *towards* Thornhaugh. He should find Ruth alone then—*as usual*, according to Aunt Julia. This would make their meeting less awkward, he thought, and, so thinking, went up the walk, Ruth's lithe, slender figure, with the small head, crowned with its dark, glossy braids, from which strayed an occasional curl, with yellow gleams in its shining blackness, half-turned over one shoulder, the flashing eyes coquettishly regarding him, seeming to precede him; he could see the very sway of her shape, and the turn of the graceful waist and long, supple fingers, which gathered her drapery around her in those folds so dear to an artist's eye, and so impossible to any other woman. Through the stripped shrubbery of an alley that ran at a right angle with the path he had taken he caught a gleam of scarlet. His heart leaped with the old bound, always occasioned by the sight of Ruth—and a woman, wrapped in a scarlet shawl, turned from the alley down the path. Not Ruth—a large, fair woman with red-brown hair rolling in clusters over her shoulders, with full, crimson lips, and a dead-white complexion, with dark circles around her languid eyes, and dimples on the plump white hands which gathered her drapery around her in large folds. A woman, who moved with a stately carriage and commanding air, and had a large, white throat, as round and full as that of one of Rubens' abounding in flesh Madonnas. As he approached her he removed his hat and bowed half-shyly, for he had not thought of the possibility of a visitor in the house. The lady paused a moment, her eyes widened, her white cheeks reddened, and she exclaimed in a tone in which trouble contended with surprise and doubt, "For—d?"

The lady knew him then? Ferd bowed again, and stole another glance while bowing. She was like Miss Cray in size, and the peculiar color of her hair—but then Miss Cray was dead, and when alive she had a baby-face. The lady spoke again—"You do not know me?" And then he recognized her voice.

"It is not Ruth!"

"Yes, it is Ruth, as surely as you are Ferd. My dear old Ferd!"

She held out both her hands to him, and he felt how eager their grasp was, and saw her lips quivering, her eyes brimming.

"You are Ruth? I never should have known you."

"Do you like the change?"

"You are a beautiful woman, but you are not my Ruth."

"I am the same Ruth to no one no longer," she said, hanging her head, and as he walked by her side he saw her wipe away the tears furtively, and saw her bosom heave as if the air oppressed her. "This way," she said, opening a door and ushering him into a drawing-room. "This is our private entrance, and I always let myself in." Then she wheeled forward a chair for him, and sat down herself. "You are very good to come to see me," she said, with so humble an air, so altogether unlike Queen Ruth, that Ferd felt utterly bewildered. It was not Ruth at all, but a stranger; beautiful, but with only the interest inspired by her novelty and her loveliness.

"Aunt Julia said you were ill," he stammered.

"I am not altogether well, but still not altogether ill," and then she sighed.

Ferd twisted his hat and looked into the crown of it. What should he say? This was terribly embarrassing.

"You have a lovely place."

"It is beautiful, we think. It is Rupert's taste."

"You used to—you have good taste."

"But Rupert's is so much better. The artist-eye and the artist-hand. If he touches a bit of drapery, it falls as it should. He always knows the best light for a picture—the exact angle for a bust."

"That facility was born with him," said Ferd. "Is that picture one of his?"

"No, it is by a friend of his, an artist whom he met in Rome. It has been pushed out of the line." She rose to re-adjust it. How often Ferd had seen that action of the upraised arm, that falling back of the wide sleeve! But it was not the old, lithe movement, nor the same less beautiful but more supple arm. Stately as a goddess the movement, the large white arm as grandly statuesque.

"Do you sing now?" Ferd asked, glancing at the grand piano.

"Not as I used. I am—losing my voice. It is an effort for me to sing now, and I fancy the tones are not as clear."

"I think it must be your fancy. I wish you would try to sing to me."

"Willingly, if I can." She moved to the piano and seated herself, struck a few cords and essayed her voice. It ran lightly along the notes. She smiled, as if pleased, and began to sing something Ferd recognized, one of the old pet songs—

Golden morning, golden sun,
Golden voices singing,
Tra! la! la! la! la! la!
The golden air is ringing—
Shadowless, the sunny sky
Bends to the fountain springing.

Silver evening, silver moon,
Silver voices sighing
Ah! la! la! la! la! la!
The silvery sounds are dying—
All the splendor of the sky
Shines where the lake is lying.

Leaden night and leaden sky,
Landing voices weeping,
Ah! well-a-day! ah! well-a-day!
The sun and moon are sleeping—
All the waves are mad to-night,
In wild commotion leaping.

She sat silent at the piano when she had finished.

"How can you say you have lost your voice?" said Ferd. "It is more delightful than ever."

"'All the waves are mad, to-night,
In wild commotion leaping—'"

she sang—and then went towards him. "Ferd, I seem perfectly calm to you, do I not?"

"Perfectly," he responded, looking at her in some surprise.

"Well," she said, flinging out her arms, and tossing them, "I am *mad, mad—with jealousy.*" Then she went close to him, and put her hand on his arm. "You are just from there. Tell me—is he—with her?"

"With Eleanor? He is painting her portrait, you know!"

"Painting her portrait!" she responded, with a dreadful laugh. "He is painting out the memory of me, at the same time. Ferd, I wish that I were dead."

"Ruth, you—you should not—"

"It's wicked. Of course I know that. But I am so evil, you know, that I cannot grow any more so. He told me that I must not even name her name. I was not worthy to speak it with my 'lying lips.' They were not *lying lips* to him, once; nor to you, either, Ferd."

"You know that you—"

"Yes, I know what I have done. But I am not dead, yet. He should not give me my hell, here."

"I think it will be all right in time, Ruth, When he forgets, or, at least—"

"Right, in time! When her picture is painted on his heart, over the canvas where mine was!"

"Ruth, you are mistaken. Eleanor worships her husband. Aunt Julia told me so. And *Rupert* was always the soul of honor."

"That is the reason he will never forgive

me. I have sinned against his code. He can never respect me again. He thought me a goddess, but I was only a woman, after all."

Ford was distressed.

"I don't know what to say or do," he said, piteously.

"Tell me how they appear, when together?"

Ford thought over how they appeared. Very fond of each other, he recollected, as cousins and old friends should—but nothing more. But it would sound more, to the jealous woman, smarting under the sense of her own unworthiness.

"I never go into the painting-room," he said, hesitatingly.

"But when you *do* see them together?"

"Like—cousins."

"That may mean so much. It did—with me."

Ford flushed.

"As good friends, then. Nothing more."

Ruth hung her head, and tears stole slowly down her cheeks.

"I would be willing to be only that, if even that, to him."

"You must not despair," said Ford. "You are still his wife, and, sooner or later, he must return to you."

Ruth shook her head.

"As anymate, don't cry so much. You will make your eyes red; and no man likes to look at red eyes, and lips swollen with crying. Take care of your beauty. Rupert is an artist, and an ugly woman is an offence to his eye."

"Thank you for your advice; and, oh! Ford! do come and see me once in a while. It seems like old times." Again the humble, appealing look, so unlike Ruth, that Ford's heart melted within him, to see how her pride had fallen. He remembered what Aunt Julia had said.

"I will come, Ruth," he said. Shook both hands heartily, and went away. He had an idea in his head, and this idea he meant to carry out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Human Fish—The Manatee.

To believers in the Darwin theory it will be of interest to know that in the quiet bays and rivers on the eastern coast of Central and South America there lives an animal which might be rightfully considered as the connecting link between man and fish. It is the manatee, the water siren, the sea-calf, or sea-cow, as this strange animal is sometimes called. It belongs to the order of the cretacea, and is altogether herbivorous; living on grass which grows under water, or on herbs which it seeks on shore.

The body is pisciform, and measures some fourteen or more feet in length; the skin being very thick, without hair, and of a dark color. The upper part of the body, especially of the females, much resembles that of a woman, the breasts being of the same form. In place of the fins of the ordinary fish, the manatee has a short arm of only one joint, which terminates in a sort of hand, on which the nails are distinctly visible, and which the animal uses with much dexterity, in moving about when on land, and in carrying its young. This limb has caused this animal to be called manatee, from the Latin word "manus," the hand.

The writer, who for several years resided in those countries where these animals abound, has seen the animal, and has been told repeatedly by the natives that the female holds her cub to suckle as the mother does her babe.

The tail of the manatee is shaped like an open fan, and the close observer will perceive ten divisions, which mark the ten toes.

Manatees swim by the help of this broad tail, which moves up and down, and not from right to left like that of the fish. This limb, which at first sight appears to be a mere fin or nerve, melts almost entirely into butter when fried in a pan, and is highly prized by the natives for ointments and for other medicinal purposes.

The animal weighs from a thousand to fifteen hundred pounds, and the meat is considered a great relish. It looks and tastes much like pork, and needs a good deal of cooking. It is a strange fact that the flesh keeps longer from decay than any other, and is therefore salted and preserved like pork.

They are caught with harpoons by the Indians, who know their haunts and customs, and it seems as if they were becoming more and more scarce every year.

Much has been fabled about these water sirens, that needs corroboration from scientific men, who seem to have taken but little interest in those strange animals. Some have assured me that their voice resembles the bellowing of an ox, others that it was perfect music. I am inclined to believe the latter, as they are well known under the name of "sirenia," or "sirens," which appellative they could only derive from their charming voice. Whether this be so or not, remains yet to be confirmed, like the harmonious song of the dying swan.—*Scientific American.*

☞ Henry Ward Beecher has announced to his congregation, that he declines to have his salary raised from $12,000 to $20,000, and said his first intimation of the proposed advance was from the newspapers. Good for Beecher!

☞ The bones of the lower limbs are differently arranged in woman and in man. One of the consequences of this is, that no woman can run gracefully. They run, says a witty Frenchman, as if they intended to be overtaken; or, as the boys often say, "like a cow." And yet some women want to "run for office."

☞ IN ADVANCE OF THE MAIL.—An Iowa editor acknowledges the receipt of Congressional documents in advance of the regular mail. The way it occurred was this: A wolf chased the mail carrier about four miles. They want the Government to put on the route a number of able-bodied wolves to facilitate matters.

☞ A temple has recently been opened in Calcutta "for the worship of the one only God, the Almighty and All-Holy," in which "no one is to be worshipped as identical with God, or like unto God, or an incarnation of God, and in which no sect shall be vilified, hated, or turned into derision."

☞ If you would find a great many faults, be on the look-out. If you would find them in still greater abundance, be on the look-in.

☞ All the rage—A woman in high temper.

☞ The young ladies of the Treasury Department are forbidden, by a printed placard, to whistle while at work—a most tyrannical interference with women's rights.

☞ The Jews have three hundred synagogues in this country, thirty-nine of which are in New York and Brooklyn.

A Romance of Life.

A sad as well as a romantic story has been brought to light by the recent death of "Lochy Ostrom," of Poughkeepsie, at the age of seventy-seven. For years she had been to all outward appearance a cold-hearted, calculating, avaricious woman; and investigations after her death disclosed property hid away in an old trunk under her bed to the value of over $21,500, besides papers showing that she owned real estate to the value of $12,000. But other things more romantic than bonds or gold and silver were also found. A bundle of love-letters, seventeen in all, was tied neatly with a piece of white satin ribbon, but the ribbon was stained with time, and the paper on which the letters were written was also stained. In one of the bed rooms, although Lochy was known not to have bought two dresses in ten years, were found twenty dresses, four or five of which were of elegant and costly silk, apparently at least fifty years old. Visible also were pots of preserves, canned fruits, etc. Far back on the shelf was found a shrivelled, dried-up fruit cake. It looked as if it had been there threescore years. It was highly ornamented, and on the top, in the centre, was a sugar Cupid. It was very carefully stowed away. The letters revealed her secret history. In her young days "Lochy" had a lover who was devotedly attached to her, and she loved him in return. The match was broken off by her parents, and the disappointed suitor moved away from the place to Cincinnati. Twice he journeyed back to again offer her his heart and hand; but she fancied her duty to her parents forbade her acceptance. The lover seems to have appreciated her filial love, yet to have felt that if her love for him had been entire, she would have accepted his proposal, in which the mother whom she cared for was not forgotten. He married another woman, who died after a few years. He kept up his correspondence with "Lochy" at long intervals; but she had become hard and cold. Thirty-five or forty years after the commencement of their acquaintance he again made an offer of marriage; but she was gray and wrinkled, with all affection gone, save for her money. She refused the offer, and neither saw nor heard again from him who had been her lover. Such is one of the romances of real life.

☞ We notice, with pleasure, in an account of a recent wedding in "high life" in this city, the following sentence:—"The presents, though unusually numerous and costly, were not exhibited, in accordance with the latest style observed in the best foreign circles." It is to be hoped that this "latest style," if foreign, will be thoroughly naturalized.

☞ The infant daughter of the Prince of Wales has received the names of Maud Charlotte Mary Victoria.

☞ It is idiotic to tell a real dream; but it is convenient to invent one if you want to annoy anybody, as nobody has a right to be offended at a dream, and nobody can prove that you didn't have it.

☞ "I'll be round this way in a minute," as the second-hand said to the pendulum.

☞ STRANGE, BUT TRUE.—The *last* gentleman in a young lady's thoughts is generally the *first* as well!

☞ Parisian medical statistics establish two facts, according to the Court Journal; first, that since corsets have been abandoned (*have* they been abandoned?), the annual mortality among women has diminished 18 per cent.; second, that since the overloading of the head with chignons, brain-fevers have increased 72½ per cent.

☞ One of the gentler sex says that the heaven of the strong-minded woman is, "where buttons grow in their proper places, and where men cease from bothering, and needles are at rest."

☞ Massachusetts is becoming a state of deserted villages, people flocking to the large towns. So an exchange says.

☞ Girls are respectfully requested to go West by a careful investigator, who gives statistics to prove that in Ohio there are 40,500 more men than women; in Michigan, 40,000; in California, 143,000; and in other states similar proportions. On the contrary, New England has an excess of women. In Massachusetts there are 36,000 more women than men; in Rhode Island, 6,000; and in Connecticut, 7,800.

☞ The little eleven-year-old girl in Vermont who has, in ten weeks, "committed to memory six hundred and seventy verses of the Bible, besides the Ten Commandments, and the names of the books of both Testaments in order," is even more deserving of pity than the little Illinois eleven-year-old who knit forty-nine pairs of stockings in a year. Some parents will learn too late that children must be allowed a chance to develope naturally, in mind and body, if there is to be any hope of their growing up into healthy men and women.

☞ Which is the worst enemy of society—the family that keeps a parrot, or the one whose son is learning to play the bugle?

☞ An Indiana young lady scornfully refused a young man's escort, whereupon he humbly asked permission "to sit on the fence and see her go by!"

☞ After losing three wives by death and two others by elopement, a man residing at New Albany, Ind., has taken his *sixth* for better or worse.

☞ "Time," says Horace Smith, "is the vehicle that carries everything into nothing."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been very little demand. Sales 3000 bbls, at $4,50@5 for extra, $5@5,75 for Penna extra family, $5,75@6,25 for Penna and Ohio extra family, and $6,50@7,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour—400 bbls sold at $5.

GRAIN—Wheat continues dull; 35,000 bus sold at $1,30@1,35 for good to prime Penna, Western and Southern red, and $1,50@1,60 ₱ bus for white. Rye: 4000 bus sold at $1@1,02 ₱ bus for Western and Penna. Corn: 12,000 bus old sold at $1@1,08, and 70,000 bus new at 84@88c.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 lbs, $1,40@1,50; Mixed do $1,25@1,35; Straw $1,90@1,90.

SEEDS—Sales of 1500 bus Cloverseed at $7,75@8,10 for prime quality. Flaxseed sells at $2,25@2,26 ₱ bus.

☞ Other articles same as last week.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2100 head. The prices realized from 9@9½ cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 65 ₱ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 5@5c ₱ lb. 4500 Hogs sold at from $13,50 to 14,00 ₱ 100 lbs.

THE WIDE WORLD

jan29-4t

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE.

Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE for $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 130, Boston, Mass.

jan7-4t

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

HOVEY & CO.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Vegetable, Flower and Agricultural Seeds, Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Plants, &c.

53 North Market St., Boston, Mass.

OUR NEW ILLUSTRATED GUIDE

To the Flower and Vegetable Garden, and Catalogue of Seeds for 1870.

The 57th Edition, revised, enlarged and improved, containing 148 pages, illustrated with more than 100 fine engravings.

A BEAUTIFUL COLORED PLATE,

and a descriptive list of more than 2500 varieties of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, embracing every novelty introduced in 1869, with full and plain practical directions for the culture of flowers and plants, the arrangement of the garden, &c. Also a descriptive list of 150 varieties of the best French Gladiolus, including the superb new varieties of 1869, now first offered; all the summer-flowering bulbs, such as Lilies, Tuberoses, Tigridias, &c., together with every requisite for the garden. A copy mailed to every applicant on the receipt of 25 cents. Our customers supplied free of charge. Address HOVEY & CO., 53 North Market St., Boston. jan20-it

Have you seen it? If not, ☞ Send for Circular

THE SCIENCE OF A NEW LIFE

BY JOHN COWAN, M. D.,

A new and intensely interesting physiological work. Every man and woman whose desires are for a true and pure life socially should procure a copy.

PERSONAL AND EDITORIAL NOTICES.

"During the last twenty years I have eagerly sought everything upon this most vital subject, but have found nothing which approaches in simplicity, delicacy, earnestness and power this work."—*Dio Lewis, M. D.*

"I have read with care 'The Science of a New Life.' If a million of the married would do the same, they would learn many things of deepest import to their welfare."—*Rev. O. B. Frothingham.*

"It is true book that the age has been demanding for some time."—*Thos. H. Deering, M. D.*

"It is devoted to topics concerning which no person arrived at years of thoughtfulness should be ignorant."—*Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

"It is a work which may safely be placed in the hands of all married persons, and all persons intending to marry."—*Scottish American.*

"This is the only book of this character we have ever seen which seems to be imbued with a conscientious spirit from beginning to end."—*Lowell Courier.*

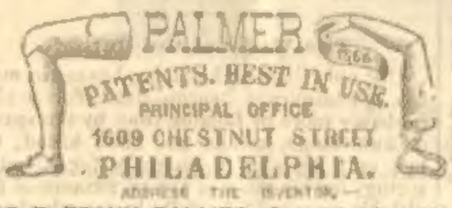
☞ Agents Wanted everywhere. Splendid inducements offered. From $20 to $40 a week guaranteed. For circulars address (with stamp,) COWAN & CO., 746 Broadway, New York City. jan29 3m

No Choir Should Be Without It.

THE AMERICAN TUNE BOOK.

Third edition ready. A collection of all the widely popular Church Tunes, Anthems, and set pieces which have formed the foundation of our American Church Music for the past fifty years. Containing 1000 choice pieces selected by 500 teachers and choir leaders. Price $1,50, $13,50 per dozen. A specimen copy will be sent by mail to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 Washington St., Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway, New York.



DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, Pres't A.A.Limb Co'

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct30-1y

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

A PAPER FOR ALL CHILDREN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 50 Cts. A YEAR.

Sixteen three-column illustrated quarto pages. The very best writers. Large premiums for clubs. Specimen copies 3 cents; four months on trial, for 15 cts. Send for it. We would rather have you *see* our paper than read any amount of what might be said about it.

Address ALDEN & TRUE, Publishers, Chicago, Ill.
jan15-13t

AGENTS WANTED FOR

"WONDERS OF THE WORLD."

OVER ONE THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIONS. The largest, best selling, and most attractive subscription book ever published. Send for circulars, with terms, at once. Address U. S. PUBLISHING CO., 411 Broome St., New York, 129 South Clark St., Chicago, Ills., and 177 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio. jan1-6m

A GREAT CHANGE.—AGENTS WANTED. $100 per year sure made by agents, male or female, selling our *world-renowned Patent Everlasting White Wire Clothes Lines.* Cheapest and best clothes lines in the world; only 3 cents per foot, and will last a hundred years. Address the *Hudson River Wire Co.*, 75 William St., New York, or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. jan29 4t

MAGNETIC COMB—Warranted to curl permanent and harmlessly the straightest hair or money refunded. One comb, free by mail, 50 cents; 2 for $1.00. Address J. W. HANNAH, Appleton, Ohio. dec25-13t

THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS

AT THE LEADING

FAIRS AND EXHIBITIONS

OF THE

UNITED STATES AND EUROPE,

INCLUDING THE GRAND PRIZE,

THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR,

At the Exposition Universelle,

HAVE BEEN AWARDED THE

GROVER & BAKER MACHINES,

SALESROOMS:

495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
730 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ An illustrated pamphlet, containing price lists, with samples of both the Grover & Baker Stitch and the Shuttle Stitch in various fabrics, will be furnished on request. jan1-3m

RUPTURE

RADICALLY CURED.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN, ARTISTIC SURGEON, respectfully offers his services in the application of his Rupture Curative Appliances, at his office, 697 BROADWAY, cor. 4th St., New York.

The great experience of Dr. SHERMAN, resulting from his long and constant devotion to the treatment and cure of this disease, assures him of his ability to relieve all, without regard to the age of the patient or duration of the infirmity, or the difficulties which they may have heretofore encountered in seeking relief. Dr. S. as principal of the Rupture Curative Institute, New Orleans, for a period of more than fifteen years, had under his care the worst cases in the country, all of which were effectually relieved, and many, to their great joy, restored to a sound body.

None of the pains and injuries resulting from the use of other Trusses, are found in Dr. Sherman's Appliances; and, with a full knowledge of the assertion, he promises greater security and comfort, with a daily improvement in the disease, than can be obtained of any other person, or in the inventions of any other person in the United States.

Prices to suit all classes. It is the only, as well as the cheapest remedy ever offered the afflicted. Photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after treatment and cure mailed on receipt of TEN cents. je19-1y

OPALINE for the Teeth, Gums and Breath.
OPALINE is reliable, efficient and convenient.
OPALINE is sold by Druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Europe.
OPALINE is recommended by physicians and dentists. Use no other dentrifice.
Inventor and proprietor, CHARLES E. PEVEY, Dentist, Worcester, Mass. jan15-3m

HOW TO GET PATENTS

IS FULLY EXPLAINED in a pamphlet of 168 pages just issued by MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, New York.

SENT FREE.

MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, N. Y., (25 YEARS EXPERIENCE, have taken)

PATENTS.—More Patents, and examined More Inventions, than any other agency. Send Sketch and description for opinion,

jan8-4t NO CHARGE.

UNCLE JOSH'S TRUNK FULL OF FUN.

Containing the richest collection of Comical Stories, Cruel Sells, Humorous Poetry, Burlesque Sermons, New Conundrums and Mirth Provoking Speeches ever published. Interspersed with Curious Puzzles, Amusing Card Tricks, and Parlor Magic. Illustrated with 200 Funny Engravings. Price 15 cents. Sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of price, by DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann St., New York. jan22-4t

AGENTS wanted everywhere. Brown's Patent Double Cone Ventilating Damper gives the most heat with the least fuel. Send for circulars. C. E. BRIGGS & CO., 184 Washington St., New York. nov27-3m

Agents! Read This!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY of $30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich. jan15-3m

75 TO 100 PER CENT. PROFIT realized on every dollar invested. Business sure, easy, honorable, done at home, requires no travelling or peddling, nor any license, and does not interfere with other business. For full printed instructions send 25 cents to W. HARRISON, Albion, Mich. jan22-2t

Free to Book Agents.

We will send a handsome Prospectus of our *New Illustrated Family Bible* to any Book Agent, free of charge. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. 20t30-3m

VINEGAR. HOW MADE FROM Cider, Wine, Molasses, or Sorghum in 10 hours, without using drugs. For circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn. nov21-1y

WHISKERS! WHISKERS!—MY ITALIAN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow, thick and heavy on the smoothest face, or hair on the baldest head, in 21 days, in every case, or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package, or 3 for $1. Address J. SQUIRES, Box 1042, Binghamton, New York. jan22-3t

THE

Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

Hon. THOS. M. PLUNKETT, President.

JAMES FRANCIS, Vice President.

BENJ. CHICKERING, Sec'y and Treasurer.

JACOB L. GREENE, Assistant Secretary.

This company offers *Greater Inducements to Policy Holders than any other company in the country.*

It has a Perpetual Charter, a Purely Mutual Plan, Assets over a Million and a Quarter, able and trustworthy officers. An enviable reputation of seventeen years standing.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1861, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so *expressed* in the Policy.

An ANNUAL Payment Life Policy is NOT FORFEITED by failure to pay Premium when due, but is continued in force under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861.

EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment keeps the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments, four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments, six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments, eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments, ten years and thirty-six days.
Six annual payments, twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments, thirty years and a hundred and sixty-one days.

All Profits Equitably Divided annually among the Insured on the *Contribution Plan*, affording an Annual Dividend to Policy Holders ranging from Thirty to Seventy per cent. of the premium.

WM. H. GRAVES, General Agent.

PHILADELPHIA OFFICE,

329 Walnut Street.

GOOD AGENTS WANTED.

CALL OR SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

feb13-1y

AGENTS.—ORIDE GOLD.—AGENTS. $20 a day made easy. ORIDE GOLD PAT. FOUNTAIN PEN. Is indestructible. Writes 4 pages with one dip. *Sells at sight*—looks like 16-karat gold. Sample box, 12 pens, for 25 cents, post-paid; also other novelties. CITY NOVELTY CO., 404 Library St., Philadelphia, Pa. dec18-3m

CURL YOUR HAIR

THE RECEIPT, an entirely new Discovery, for making Straight Hair Curl, and remaining so, mailed for two stamps. Address E. THORNTON, Hoboken, New Jersey. sep25-6m

YOUR DESTINY! WHAT IS IT?

An experienced clairvoyant will, on receipt of 50 cents and stamp envelope, send a written destiny. News of absent friends, marriage, likeness, fortune, &c., given while in a state of trance. None have written who were not surprised at the truthful predictions. Address, with lock of hair, Miss KATE MARKOE, Station D, New York. dec11-6m

SPARKLING BEAUTIES are ladies' and gents' "*Lava Diamond Pins.*" Samples sent by mail for 50c. Address B. FOX & CO., Station A, New York. oct30-1y

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Panegyric on Woman.

Read directly, then read first and third, and second and fourth lines of each verse, and lo! the difference:—

The bliss of him no tongue can tell,
Who in a woman doth confide;
Who with a woman scorns to dwell
Unnumbered evils will betide.

They make the daily path of life
A pleasant journey, strewed with flowers;
A dreary scene of painful strife
They quickly change with matchless powers.

Domestic joys will fast decay
Where female influence is unknown;
Where'er a woman holds the sway,
A man is in perfection shown.

She's never failing to display
Truth in its native loveliness.
A heart inclined to treachery
A woman never did possess.

That man true dignity will find
Who tries the matrimonial state;
Who pours contempt on womankind
Will mourn his folly when too late.

A Fashionable Wedding.

BY MOSE SKINNER.

MR. EDITOR:—Fashionable circles are at present in a flutter of excitement over the approaching marriage of Miss Hortense Juliana O'Brien, the accomplished daughter of P. O'Brien, Esq., the eminent onion vender, and the Hon. Solomon Isaacs, of the enterprising firm of Isaacs & Soeforth, the great cast-off clothing house on Salem street. The marriage will probably take place as soon as Mr. Isaacs can negotiate for a loan of money of sufficient dimensions to pacify the clergyman. The bride's *trousseau* exceeds anything of the kind ever worn in the United States or Chelsea, and the bridegroom will be got up perfectly regardless of his creditors, with a bouquet of artificial flowers in his buttonhole, and an unreceipted tailor's bill in his left-hand vest-pocket. There will be a splendid assortment of groomsmen, and no end to groomswomen, to say nothing of carriage grooms.

The ceremony will be performed at the church of the Maculate Reception, the pews of which will be taken out to accommodate the immense train of the bride's wedding-gown, which is the longest train ever manufactured. It is longer than a baggage train with a passenger car attached, or G. F. Train on woman's rights.

This immense train will be supported by an enormous bustle, larger than the bustle of the whole crowd.

Upon reaching the church the bridal party will pair off according to agreement, and the bride will advance fearlessly up the aisle with an expression that means business, leaning upon the coat-sleeve of her groom. She will exhibit no especial emotion until she reaches pew No. 73, when a beautiful blush will steal o'er her alabaster brow and finally fetch up on her right cheek, where it will remain during the ceremony.

The bridegroom will wear his Sunday clothes, and has received private instructions to hold up his head and look as well as he can.

The bride's father will give her away with the most undisguised generosity, and the bridegroom's mother will inwardly resolve to make it as uncomfortable for her as possible. The responses will be whispered into the ear of the minister, to prevent disturbing the listeners, who are requested to remain seated during the ceremony and as much longer as they see fit, using smelling salts as often as they can afford to. The church will be gorgeously decorated with artificial flowers, filling the air with a rare and delicate perfume, and any person indulging in more than two smells will be considered decidedly swinish in their origin. The flowers will afterwards be sold to fee the ushers.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the choir will sing "Tell me, dearest, how do you feel?" to be followed by a sparkling dirge upon a brass drum stationed at the back door. The bride will sweep out of the church with a haughty air, and enter the hack, after which the bridegroom will put on his every-day clothes and go to work as though nothing had happened.

They have been looking at an assortment of bridal tours with the intention of taking one, but even the smallest-sized ones cost a good deal. Don't say anything about this for the world, for it was told me in confidence by a party who promised not to tell. Of course I don't care who knows it, if they only keep it to themselves.

It is not generally known that the Rev. Theophilus Thingamy, who performs this ceremony, is in failing health, attributed to his arduous labors in preaching two sermons a month and calling assiduously upon the wealthy members of his congregation. In consideration of this fact his congregation have made him a New Year's gift of $2,000, to enable him to go to Europe. He was much overcome when the presentation was made, he having known of it only forty-eight hours. He wept as much as three quarts and a pint of tears. Almost a gallon, you perceive.—*Boston True Flag.*

A Modern Song.

The following is a verbatim report of a song a reporter heard at a party the other night:

Lady, ope thy we-he-hindow,
And incli-ha-hine thine ear,
While the moon is be-he-beaming,
Deign my lay to he-be-hear.

Softly steal the bree-hee-heezes
O'er the scented le-be-hea;
Birds among the tree-hee-heezes
Slumber si-hi-hilently.

Lady, from thy la-la-lattice,
Pray look down on me-he-he;
Mollify your fa-ha-hather,
And ask me in to te-he-hea.

HOTEL CHARGES.—Scene—"The Do'em Hotel."—Excited Juvenile Rustic.—"I say, fayther, this 'ere egg's stale; blest if I doant think there be a chicken in it."

Wary Old Paternal.—"A chicken, lad! Sh—sh—sh—say now't then——they'll be charging yer for 't."

☞ "You are a shoemaker?" said a magistrate, the other day, addressing the man at the bar. "Yes, sir," was the reply, "a horse shoemaker."

A CLEAR CASE.

HORSEMAN.—"Isn't there a village called Muddiford about here, somewhere?"
NATIVE.—"Ees."
HORSEMAN.—"Can I find my way to it across the moor?"
NATIVE.—"Now that a good deal depen'th, sir."
HORSEMAN.—"Depen'th! Depen'th upon what?"
NATIVE.—"Depen'th upon whe'r you lose yerself or no."

Good for Nothing.

The late Sainte-Beauve used to tell the following little story: A married lady friend asked his counsel upon the means of obtaining a separation from her husband, and was admonished by him of the necessity of producing blows, corporal violence, or outrageous insults. One morning the lady called on him, quite radiant, saying, "My husband has slapped me; I'm so glad of it!" "Were there any witnesses present?" "Why, no." "Ah! then," said Sainte-Beauve, "it must all be done over again." Great vexation of the lady, who returned like a fury to the conjugal domicile, and applied upon his face as smart a slap as ever made cheeks tingle, saying, "Here, sir, take your box; it's good for nothing to me, and I give it back to you."

An Innocent Youth.

In a city, not many miles from us, some new sidewalks were laid, and the flag-stones were soon covered with advertisements. A youth from the rural districts paused reverently before a stone on which was inscribed: "Miss Susan Trowley, milliner, King street, No. 211." "Why," said he, soberly, to some bystanders, "I shouldn't hardly a' thought she'd ha' wanted to be buried right here in the highway, so. When did she die, eh?"

The innocent youth was overwhelmed with amazement at the roars of laughter which greeted him; but he decided, as he strolled on, that city folks hadn't much reverence for serious subjects.

EMPLOYER TO NEW CLERK.—"Well, Sniffles, have you posted the ledger?"

New Clerk.—"Yeth, thir! I've posted the ledger; but, lor, thir, it wath too big for the letter boxth, and I had to take it inthide the posth offith!"

Old Trees.

The oldest tree known by naturalists, is the Great Dragon trees of Orotava, Teneriffe, which was blown down by a hurricane a few months since. It was a stately tree, seventy or eighty feet high, as early as A. D. 1402, and so old and remarkable a tree as to excite particular care and notice for its preservation. When it was destroyed, it was believed to be no less than 5,000 years old. On the banks of the Senegal river, Africa, there are, or were in 1848, trees growing, sixty or eighty feet high, and some thirty feet in diameter, which are estimated by Adanson, the French naturalist, to be over 5,000 years old. They are known as the Baobab or Adansonia. The English yew is another very long-lived tree.

There are numbers of these trees in England and Scotland, which are believed to be from 1,400 to 3,000 years old. A cypress tree in Oaxaca, Mexico, which forty years ago measured one hundred and twenty feet in height, one hundred and seventeen in circumference, and which sheltered Fernando Cortes and his followers under its wide-spreading boughs about the year 1520, is supposed to be now 5,000 years old. And in California there are mammoth cypresses which stretch their heads up 300 or 400 feet, and which are believed to be some 2,000 years old. There are many other trees, in different parts of the world—single trees, famous in history, and groups of trees, as locusts, and oaks, and limes, and elms, and pines, nut trees, etc., etc., which are either absolutely known, or believed to be all along from 350, 440, 516, 570, 720, 800, 900, 1,000, and so on up to 3,000 or more years old.

The Rose of Sharon.

The rose of Sharon is one of the most exquisite flowers in shape and hue. Its blossoms are bell-shaped, of many mingled hues and dyes, and its history is legendary and romantic in the highest degree. In the East, throughout Syria, Judea, and Arabia, it is regarded with the profoundest reverence. The leaves that encircle the round blossom dry and close tight together when the season of blossom is over, and the stock withering completely away from the stem, the flower is blown away at last from the bush on which it grew, having dried up in the shape of a ball, which is carried by the sport of the breeze to great distances. In this way it is borne over the sandy wastes and deserts, until at last, touching some moist place, it clings to the soil, where it immediately takes fresh root and springs to life and beauty again. For this very reason, the Orientals have adopted it as the emblem of the resurrection. The dried flower is placed by the Judeans in a vase of water beside the beds of the sick, and, if it expands by moisture, the omen is considered favorable. If it does not, the worst is at all times feared.

DAYBREAK.

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said "Oh, mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried land-ward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "Oh, bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "Oh chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake! oh, bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie!"

The Waist of the Period.

Our old friend tight-lacing has again made his appearance. Beaten back for a time probably more by fashion than by the spread of knowledge, he has not been killed, but has only recoiled apparently for a better spring, for his victims are as numerous and pitiable as ever. The folly is one which was formerly to be found mainly in the drawing-room, but now it also fills our streets. It is lamentable to observe at every turn a woman, young or old, who moves forward in a stooping position, unable even to hold herself upright in consequence of the constraint upon the muscles of the back. If the evils of tight-lacing were confined to the distorted appearance which it never fails to produce, we might regret indeed to see the female form divine so defaced, but it would scarcely be in our province to comment upon it. But, as medical practitioners, we see its effects every day in the train of nervous and dyspeptic symptoms by which it is constantly indicated, and in the still more grave and internal mischief of permanent character which is often caused by it. Until some little physiological knowledge is made a part of female education, and is considered an "accomplishment," we suppose it is of little use to protest against the cruel injury to health which women thus inflict upon themselves. The matter is one that is "worse than crime—it is folly," for beauty is destroyed by the process which is intended to increase it.—*London Lancet.*

THE old thoughts never die. Immortal dreams
Outlive their dreamers, and are ours for aye:
No thought once formed and uttered can expire.

☞ A conscript being told that it was sweet to die for his country, excused himself on the ground that he never did like sweet things.

To persons in difficulties—Get out!
A Pretty Kettle of Fish—Boiled Salmon.

AGRICULTURAL.

Burying Bees.

Some years ago a friend informed me that he had kept bees in Massachusetts, and the better to winter some young swarms that were short of honey, he had buried them. He said he always selected those that he judged would not winter in the common way. He had buried some at different times, he judged as many as twenty stocks in all, and never lost any by so doing. They always did well.

Following his instructions, I that winter buried two weak colonies in a coarse sand bank. I put them beneath the frost, gave them no ventilation, and filled the gravel in against and on top of the hives. Some space was left beneath the hives, to secure them against damage by water. The bees were put in on the 18th of December, and taken out on the 14th of April following—being as early as the ground thawed over them. The combs were not badly moulded, and there were only about a dozen bees on each bottom board, which I presume were there when the hives were put in. Those bees did well the next summer.

Last fall I buried four hives in the same way, except that I put them in fine compact sand. Two of these hives were well filled. They all moulded pretty bad; the two full ones were lost as a consequence, and besides, the bees of the other hives died as much as others wintered on their stands. Both the stocks that survived did very well for the season this summer.

As the honey season here has been very poor, and I have a number of young swarms that have but little honey, I have resolved to bury ten of them in a gravel bank, but shall give them ventilation this time. I mean to put them in just before the winter sets in.

I use the Colton hive. Movable comb hives and Italian bees are scarce here.

The fact that bees can be wintered well a number of feet under ground, without ventilation, and with the ground frozen over them, is (with me) good evidence that bees need but little air in winter.—*Alonzo Barnard, Bangor, in American Bee Journal.*

Temperature of Stables.

Much is said and written about these days on keeping cattle and other domesticated live stock warm in winter, as they will eat less and look sleeker. There is danger of keeping cattle too warm, when in the barn, as well as too cold. Both errors should be avoided: the former of two is more fatal to health, appetite and constitutional vigor than the latter. If you would keep your farm stock hearty and hardy, with plump, hard, and vigorous muscles, do not keep the temperature of your stables too high; on the other hand, do not allow your stock to be uncomfortable by reason of the cold. While avoiding both extremes, you will ever keep your stock healthful, playful and seemingly cheerful, provided always that they be timely and suitably fed. What farmer has not learned that it is not healthful to sleep in a warm room in the winter. Of the two extremes, it is far better for appetite and healthful vigor, therefore, for both body and mind, as well as cheerfulness of temper and lightness of spirit, to sleep in a room away from artificial heat, than in a room of high temperature. Let this be suggestive of the degree of temperature for stables, styes, and henneries.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Items.

—A correspondent of the Western Stock Journal, says, If the hoofs and fetlocks of a horse are well cleaned and then rubbed with soft soap previous to taking him out in snowy weather, it will prevent balls of snow collecting on the feet.

—Milton Merrifield, of Providence, caught fifty-two rats in one night, by exchanging a barrel of oats that had been often visited by rats for one of water, covering the surface with chaff. The "varmints" unsuspectingly pitched in, and met a watery grave. This is an old but excellent trap where these animals are plenty.

—Washington territory boasts of an immense cranberry marsh, yielding one hundred thousand bushels in a single crop.

—Raw, mellow apples are digested in an hour and a half; while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthful dessert that can be placed upon the table, is a baked apple.

—An analysis by Prof. Johnson, of Yale College, of sixteen different kinds of fertilizers, some of which are sold as high as $65 a ton, shows that a very large proportion of them are worthless. One specimen, selling at $23 a ton, was shown to be really worth, as a fertiliser, not more than $3.33.

—A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker pronounces fried pork fat as good as anything he ever tried for sore teats on cows.

—It is said six drachms of carbonic acid, dissolved in one gallon of water, is a sure protection of vines against insects. The little striped bug dislikes this preparation, and seeks his dinner elsewhere.

—A machine has been invented and put in operation in California, which, it is said, has cut, threshed, cleaned and sacked the wheat from twenty acres in ten hours, with only three men to work it.

—Sheep have nearly doubled in numbers in the United States since 1860, increasing from 20,000,000 to more than 40,000,000, and their wool from 60,000,000 to 115,000,000 pounds.

—Land sells for a song in South Carolina. "Gundelos," on the Pee Dee, comprising 675 acres of prime rice land, with 600 acres of upland, has been sold for $9,000. Ten years ago, Governor Allston gave $75,000 for it. A suggestive fact this.

RECEIPTS.

A CODFISH DINNER.—An American resident in Rome, a consul we believe, became celebrated for his codfish dinners. He carried one of the staple articles of New England food to the Eternal City, and made famous a dish which some affect to despise. A dinner of codfish cooked by an average Biddy, and one prepared by a good New England housekeeper, present just the difference that is always to be found between things well done and badly done. So simple a thing as codfish can be spoiled. Biddy puts the fish into a pot of boiling water and lets it "wollop" until she thinks it is done. It comes out generally too salt and very tough, is served with potatoes and some greasy paste which she calls "d'brawn butter." No wonder that such a dinner is not relished. The codfish should be first soaked in cold water, changing the water every few hours until it is fresh enough. It should not be entirely freshened, but left just salt enough to be palatable. It is then put into a kettle, covered with water and brought up to the boiling point, but not *boiled*. Let it simmer gently for 15 or 20 minutes and it is ready to serve.

CODFISH BALLS.—Pick up as fine as possible a teacup of nice white codfish, or use the prepared article. Freshen all night, or if wanted for any other meal than breakfast, from the morning; scald it once, and drain off the water; chop and work it until entirely fine; put it in a basin with water, a bit of butter the size of an egg, and two eggs; beat it thoroughly, and heat it until it thickens, without boiling. It should, when all is mixed, be about a quart. Have some potatoes ready prepared and nicely mashed; work the fish and potatoes thoroughly together as above, make it in flat cakes, and brown both sides. This is a very nice dish, as all who have tried it allow.

PANCAKE PUDDING.—Make a few thin small pancakes, fry them a light brown, spread them with currant and apricot jam alternately, and roll them. Place them all round a mould, make some custard, and pour into the middle, strewing it with the bits of the pancakes cut off in fitting them round the mould, cover the whole with a small thin pie cake, and *steam* it for two hours.

THE RIDDLER.

Biblical Enigma.

I am composed of 80 letters.
My 1, 10, 22, 34, 56, 61, 68, was an ancient tree.
My 6, 14, 26, 72, 38, 53, 62, was an ancient martyr.
My 11, 18, 36, 4, 45, 60, 76, was an ancient officer.
My 16, 27, 44, 65, 73, 78, 32, was an ancient town.
My 24, 31, 67, 49, 33, 9, 40, was an ancient city.
My 30, 57, 12, 66, 74, 48, 19, was a celebrated woman.
My 35, 63, 17, 25, 43, 13, 54, was an ancient tribe.
My 41, 8, 52, 39, 59, 77, 19, was a celebrated Philistine.
My 46, 55, 71, 50, 3, 18, 33, was a musical instrument.
My 51, 21, 74, 2, 41, 16, 32, was an ancient fountain.
My 58, 79, 53, 49, 9, 23, 42, was a disciple.
My 64, 5, 47, 29, 20, 37, 44, was an ancient town.
My 70, 6, 15, 22, 39, 69, 35, was a Bible bird.
My 75, 47, 26, 3, 28, 33, 7, was a Bible gem.
My 80, 20, 12, 5, 34, 38, 26, was a celebrated woman.

My whole is a verse in the Bible.

Sheffield, Pa. ISOLA.

Problem.

On page twenty-one of *Davies and Peck's Mathematical Dictionary*, it is stated that only four pairs of "amicable numbers" are known at the present time. Required—The fifth pair.

Send solution to

ARTEMAS MARTIN,
Box 70, McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Problem.

If a partner in a mercantile concern contribute $1,000 to the original joint stock of the company, and annually increase this sum by $150, saved from his salary; to how much will his share amount at the end of 11 years, on the supposition that, after all expenses are paid, there is a clear gain of 10 per cent. per annum on the entire capital?

FELIX.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Frederick being the owner of an oblong square tract of land, whose four sides amounted to 600 perches perimeter, the diagonals from opposite corners being 255 perches each. But he sold the same to Andrew and Josiah, his two adjoining neighbors, for $5,400, of which purchase money Andrew furnished $2,703.75, and Josiah the remainder, ($2,696.25.) Then these two purchasers agreed to divide this bought tract among themselves in such manner that Andrew's part thereof should be valued at 80c. per acre more than what Josiah's part should be valued at, and both should take out their full purchase money in land. The question of the problem is: How many acres of said tract fell to each of said purchaser's share?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What does a telegraph operator do when he receives the heads of important news? Ans.—Waits for de-tails, of course.

☞ Why is a baby like a sheaf of wheat? Ans.—Because it is first cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

☞ Why is a Nabob like a beggar? Ans.—Because he's an Indy-gent.

☞ Why is a hen immortal? Ans.—Because its *son* never *sets*.

☞ What is the difference between a suit of clothes and a penny bun? Ans.—The price!

Answer to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"It is good for us to be here; if thou wilt let us make here three tabernacles—one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias."

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of Nov. 20th—40 and 50 rods.—E. P. Norton, William Smith.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of Nov. 27th—A travelled 90 miles, and B 150.—E. P. Norton, J. S. Phebus, O. R. Sheldon.

Answer to X.'s PROBLEM of Dec. 4th—21 and 19 respectively, plus.—Joseph S. Phebus, Samuel T. Dunham.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.—Mr. A. W. Harrison, the efficient Secretary of the Penn. Horticultural Society, is a manufacturer of flavoring extracts, and in the Catalogue of his productions, gives several recipes for preparing delicacies. Among these is one for chicken croquettes, which, in Philadelphia, are highly prized for evening parties and other entertainments; that they are most excellent we can testify from experience. "Boil one medium-sized chicken in as little water as possible until tender; remove, and reduce the broth down to a cupful, which will be a jelly when cold. Chop the meat—rejecting the skin—as fine as possible. Chop fine half a shallot, fry it with two ounces of butter, add a tablespoonful of flour, stir half a minute, add the meat and broth, a half teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, half a sweetbread, or as much calves' brain, previously boiled tender, salt, pepper, and a few drops of extract of nutmeg, stir two minutes, take from the fire, add the yolks of two raw eggs, mix well until it is a gelatinous mass. Spread on a dish, and when entirely cold, mould into forms, of one heaping tablespoonful each, shaped like a sausage, a biscuit, or a small sugar loaf; dip into beaten egg, and roll in bread crumbs twice, fry gently in boiling lard, and serve on a napkin, with sprigs of parsley. Care should be used in frying to prevent falling to pieces." As shallots are not always obtainable, a piece of onion the size of a hickory nut may be substituted. Our own notions would lead us to omit the sweetbread and its substitute.

KRAPFEL.—Take one pound of flour to three ounces of butter, three tablespoonfuls of good yeast, a little salt and sugar, and four or five eggs, and mix well together. Make the mixture into balls as large as an apple, fill the middle with preserve, and let them rise in a warm place. Then boil them in lard, and serve with a sprinkling of powdered sugar and cinnamon.